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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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LOSS.

A sudden frost! we hear the gardener say,
As tenderly he bears the vine away
That yesterday was all the garden's pride;
And other flowers that bloomed the vine beside
Stand in their glowing beauty all unharmed
As if the lusty life they bore were charmed.
We echo, with regret for treasures lost,
"A sudden frost!"

In life's fair gardens there are treasured vines
Upon whose tendrils delicate there shines
The light of God's dear presence day by day,
Until we come, with hearts assured, to say,
These are the darlings whom we fondly cherish
There can no harm come nigh, they cannot perish;
When presently there falls some vine acrost,
Death's sudden frost.

—*Abbie F. Judd, in the Current.*

A TRAIN IN THE DESERT.

Years since, I was, as a child, one of a party that met with sore distress in northern Mexico. Our train, comprising twenty-one souls, was sent over a false trail into a desert region. The springs reported as being along the way were not; the few existing water holes were all, save one, dried up, and when we camped, after traveling four nights and the cooler part of as many days, it was where a brazen sky looked down upon a parched land that held no sign of animal habitation, save one gaunt panther, which the men scouting for water found dead, half a league from the road. In all the desolate plain, stretching miles away to iron bound mountain ranges on either hand, there was no break save a few shriveled bushes, and the windlass of a well, a few rods from the roadside. The projector of the road had assured our leader of finding here a well of water, pure and never failing. It now contained perhaps ten feet of water, salt as the sea, and impregnated with some acrid mineral element. The stock was now too much exhausted to drag the heavy wagons further. Every drop of water was gone from our kegs and canteens.

A hurried council was held, and our one possible plan of escape arranged. My uncle and another young man selected the two least jaded mules, tightened their belts about them, and, with bullets in their mouths to chew to stimulate the salivary glands, they started at nightfall upon the back track, in a desperate attempt to drive the stock to water, and bring us relief.

My father, who had some little skill as an amateur chemist, improvised from the camp equipage and utensils a still—afterward a second one. Fortunately we had a pair of camp stoves, and by distilling the salt water with this imperfect apparatus, nineteen lives were preserved. Three men and five women stood in watches of two at the still, two hours at a turn. The little camp-stoves were kept red hot, and drop, drop, drop, the priceless water fell slowly—so frightfully slowly!—into the cups. Our rations were two teaspoonfuls every two hours.

Of course, cooking was out of the question, nor could our dry and stiffened mouths bear even such food as was available from the stores. The first day the attempt was made to prepare coffee with the salt water, but the experiment was not repeated for the reason that one Mrs. B.—the sixth woman of the party had persisted in drinking the clear, cool-looking water, and she became insane almost immediately. Her seven children, forlorn little creatures as they were, had all the attention possible, and bore their sufferings with touching patience.

I will not dwell on the five days succeeding the departure of the young men. To this day—even as I write—I fall into a nervous chill at thought of our extremity. There was the baking sand, the glaring sky, the triumphant, mocking sun; the little, lonely camp, with its added degrees of heat from the glowing stoves; the feverish faces and trembling forms, stretched about beneath the wagons, wherever a spot of shade blessed the earth. The horses, that had been too far spent to drive back, lay dead before us, none having strength to drag them away, and a splendid Newfoundland dog moaned out his life in accompaniment to the insane woman's yells. Misery in every moment, and agonies of suspense for the fate of our two gallant boys. Had they ridden safely to their succor and ours, or were they lying, swollen, ghastly, stark shapes, in some lone defile of the mountains we had come through? Then—the fifth day the salt water gave out! That night the ration was reduced one-half, the stills being supplied by wringing semi-liquid mud in a strainer of linen. While two ladies were tending the still, Thompson, the driver of our family traveling coach, came to them, and with threats compelled them to give up to him more than a half pint of distilled water. They complied, to avoid wakening to collision the two gentlemen who were to take the next turn, but one whole ration was thus sacrificed to one person. The ordeal passed.

On the sixth morning one of our rescuers came in camp, bowed and staggering under the weight of a monstrous Mexican gourd that he had strapped upon his shoulders, to forestall the slow-moving ox-carts, laden with water-barrels, followed farther back. The young men, spurred by the thought of loved ones dying behind them, had pushed the stock to their utmost efforts, and had reached Cienegas in some eighteen or twenty hours. Not a moment had been wasted in organizing the relief party; and here came rumbling, groaning, creaking into camp the great carretas, with wheels of solid wood, and fastenings of rawhide thongs, driven by swart teamsters, rough and ferocious of aspect, who nevertheless wept like children at the sight of the wretched, wasted beings who hailed them with black, swollen lips and tongues all cracked and bleeding. They were but just in time. The insane woman and two of her children appeared then dying, and surely could not have lived a half-day longer. Water was doled out with due precaution, congratulations and thanksgivings offered; a hasty but sufficient breakfast was cooked, and all preparation made for abandoning the scene of so much wretchedness.

Then very nearly came about a miserable mishap. Thompson, the driver before mentioned—a tall, lank fellow—had gotten, by purchase, cajolery, or appropriation, a bottle of aguardiente from one of the Mexican drivers, and before any one knew of it, Thompson was uproariously, boisterously, abusively drunk. The occasion was one to warrant more than usual lenience, and much forbearance was displayed toward the man. Finally, however, he came to where the women and children sat awaiting the start, and insolently ordered a lady to prepare a fresh breakfast for him. My father came to us, and tried to lead him away, when Thompson sprang upon him and hurled him backward to the very brink of the salt well, some fifty feet deep. Thompson was more than six feet tall; my father below the average height of men; but the smaller man held his own, and was even forcing his antagonist away from the well, when Thompson reached to his hip and drew his cocked revolver. The women screamed, the men came running—but from too far away. I do not remember thinking the matter out; I fancy my legs acted in advance of my juvenile brain; but it appeared a moment for decisive action, and I dashed forward, wrested the pistol from the drunken grasp, and was back again with the weapon tucked under the buffalo-robe I sat upon, before the foremost man reached the struggling pair. I rode into Cienegas with that pistol beneath the cushion of my seat in the coach; I presume that it was ultimately returned to Thompson.

That worthy was unceremoniously bundled into one of the carretas. Prior to that time Thompson had been temperate while in our employ; but that one lapse seemed to break down his self-control. He drank hard, and his conduct became so intolerable that he was discharged at Durango. He hung about the old plateau city for several weeks, insisting upon re-employment, and being refused, he vowed, with savage imprecations, to wreak his vengeance upon my father by means of his family. Much as we shrank from his uncouth roughness, we children had been much impressed by the quaint turns of Thompson's speech, and many of his picturesque idioms are household words in our maturer years.

* * * * * * *

I know a man whom I seem to see always in a two-fold character. He is handsome, of rare social gifts, composed, accomplished, debonair, versatile; a dawdler on silken cushions, the idol of women, and given to posing—lazily—as a squire of dames. I happen to have trodden, at a later day, the ground of his lawless youth, and I can but smile at thought of the consternation among the fair if they knew the record of his life as I know it. Watching his languid repose in correct parlor precincts, or sardonically contemplating the eagerness of his reception in a gay party of dancers, I picture him in my fancy as the hero of a certain mad ride out of San Antonio de Bexar, before a crowd who clamored for his life; I seem to see him in the street of a frontier town, facing a score of men, with three corpses, lifeless through his hand, lying at his feet; I remember what his whilom comrade told me of this man's coolness and desperate courage, as he knelt all one long summer day, loading and firing across his brother's body—one of the little group besieged by Indians on the Staked Plains. But I keep his counsel. Even the urgency of two women—his mother and she who owns his allegiance—has wrung from me no account of his life in lands unquiet. For a while his eyes gleamed strong distrust of my discretion, but at last my reticence won his confidence and faith. We were driving one day across the wide, bare plains in one of our southern countries, when, in answer to some satirical prediction of spinsterhood in penance for my whims, I said:

"Pray, don't say that; you 'discourage' me."

A shadow drifted across his face; his voice was several tones lower when he said:

"Do you mind telling me where you found that word. You use it often, but I never heard it from another person save one."

"Nor I. And I assure you I use it in bravado largely, for with every utterance of the word I feel the shadow of a dark cloud of fear that has hung over me for years."

He turned to look at me.

"You afraid! Of what? You handle mice, and dead snakes, and a gun as readily as I do. What else, then, does a woman fear?"

"No, but indeed I meant it. I am miserably—abjectly—afraid of one man."

And then I told him, briefly and sketchily, of our adventure at the salt well, and my subsequent, ever present terror of the man Thompson. When I had finished, he looked absently at the distant mountains, with a strained look in his blue eyes, and his face, for all the heat, was pallid.

"Do you remember your driver's given name?"

"I think—yes, Al.

"Tall, you say—'slabsided,' with a crease down the point of his nose. Any peculiarity of gait?"

"He leaned upon his left foot; and he had a fashion of hitching up his trousers, sailorwise."

"I hope never to recall that scene, in words," said the man at my side; "but you are a loyal woman, and I would do much to dispel that haunting fear. I know what horror it must be to one like you. Well, you need fear no harm in future from Al Thompson; he is dead."

"Dead! I can hardly believe it. Did you see him die?"

"I saw him die. Do you remember that I passed through Los Angeles in '74—the time I called you out of school to go to the races with me? Well, I had just brought a big bunch of cattle up from Texas, and Al Thompson was one of my herders. He was ugly, naturally, and, as you know, drink warmed up the murderous instinct. Several of the boys had told me Thompson had struck them to put me out of the way and run off the herd; but they were all good men. Twice on the trip a stray bullet had sung past my ears. Still, I had no proof. We camped three miles out of Seven Rivers. Thompson went into the town. He got drunk enough to want blood. I was sitting in front of the tent when he rode up and began shooting. He got in three shots from his revolver before I could get my hands free from a whip-lash I was braiding. Then I caught up my Winchester, and fired with my left hand, just as his fourth shot knocked off my hat. He would have killed me if he had been less drunk, for he was the best shot I ever saw, and not forty feet away. My bullet struck him here." He threw back his splendid head, and touched one finger to his own white throat. "We buried him there, under the mesquites. I am glad to ease your mind.—*T. H. Addis, in the Argonnut.*

A creditor in Mexico can have a debtor arrested on the day the debt falls due. The prisoner is chained to a post five days, guarded by an officer. At the end of the time, if the money is not forthcoming, the man's labor is sold to the government at forty cents a day for as many days as will be necessary to discharge the obligation.

CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.

THEIR ORIGIN, CHARACTERISTICS AND METHODS OF DESTRUCTION.

Damage Done in a Single Year—A Few Rules for the Preservation of Human Life.

Science says that a cyclone is a rotatory storm of extended circuit; that it is born on the ocean and moves landward; that it occurs once or twice a week during the spring and summer, and that it is frequently of so mild a character as to be hardly worth chronicling. A tornado, on the contrary, says science, is a furious tempest which moves rapidly along a limited circuit, often passes out to sea before its strength is gone, and is usually accompanied by hail, rain and thunder storms. The tornado generally moves from the southwest to the northeast. Its cloud is funnel-shaped and revolves about a central vertical axis in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a watch. It occurs almost always between 3 and 4 P. M. It most frequently occurs between April 1 and September 1, June and July being its favorite months. There are instances, however, on record it which it occurred during every month of the year. It gives due warning of its approach by making the atmosphere sultry and oppressive, and when it has sufficiently sickened unhappy mortals in this way it appears in the southwest and northeast in the form of fantastically-shaped clouds of varied hue. These clouds suddenly dash together, and then the tempest begins. Roaring like ten thousand bulls of Bashan the destroyer whirls along, sweeping down everything in its path.

Few people have any conception of the amount of damage done by tornadoes. Take the year 1884 alone. In that year there were 38 storms in Georgia, 22 in South Carolina, 18 in Alabama, 12 in North Carolina, 12 in Kansas, 10 in Wisconsin, 8 in Dakota, 7 in Kentucky, 7 in Mississippi, 7 in Texas, 5 in New York, 4 in Indiana, 3 in Ohio, 3 in Missouri, 3 in Minnesota, 2 in Pennsylvania, 2 in Arkansas, 2 in Colorado, 2 in Nebraska, 2 in Tennessee, 1 in Illinois, 1 in the Indian Territory and 1 in Louisiana. During the month of February alone there were 45 storms. Of the entire number during the year 88 took a northeasterly direction. In 99 instances the tornado cloud was shaped like a funnel, in four like an inverted cone, 2 like an hour glass, in 2 like a balloon, a truncated cone and an acorn.

The first great storm was on February 19. It killed about 800 people, wounded about 2,500 and destroyed property valued at $1,000,000. Over 10,000 buildings were wrecked and many head of cattle killed. On March 11 a storm killed 5 people, wounded 50, destroyed a quantity of farm stock and wrecked property valued at $350,000. On March 25 a storm killed 77 persons, wounded 298 and wrecked property valued at $950,000. On April 1 a storm killed 52 persons, wounded 277, and wrecked property valued at $780,000. On April 14 a storm killed 47 persons, wounded 336, and wrecked property valued at $850,000. On April 27 a storm killed 18 persons, wounded 115, and wrecked property valued at $575,000. On May 21 a storm killed 8 persons, wounded 55, and wrecked property valued at $180,000. On July 4 a storm killed 9 persons, wounded 26, and wrecked property valued at $550,000. It occurred in various States, between 5 and 9 P. M. On July 5 a storm killed 11 persons, wounded 55 and wrecked property valued at $450,000. On September 9 a storm killed 10 persons, wounded 75, and wrecked property valued at $1,000,000. Three hundred houses were destroyed by it. On September 28 a storm killed 3 persons, wounded 40 and wrecked property valued at $200,000. Among its victims were 70 horses. Several other storms occurred during the year, and though of lesser importance than the one mentioned, proved sufficiently destructive to live stock and various other kinds of property. On September 22, for example, a storm in Clarendon county, S. C., wounded several persons, killed a cow, a horse, and three mules, and wrecked four dwellings, a gin house, several other dwellings, and machinery valued at $1,000.

Tornadoes are said to be the result of a struggle between the prevailing winds in the basin of the Mississippi. These winds are from the northwest in winter and from the southwest in summer. Well, when these two opposing forces meet each other during the transition periods of spring and autumn they naturally fight for supremacy. The result is that the north wind has to knuckle under. Now, having the warm earth below it and the still warmer south wind above it, it feels its own temperature increasing and tries hard to get out of its prison. But it cannot escape, being pressed onward by its own volume, and then its agony begins. Meanwhile it has chilled the atmosphere above and forces it to give out torrents of rain, which is frequently converted into heavy hailstones before it reaches the earth, owing to the rapid evaporation as it passes through the cold north wind underneath. Finally, the north wind bursts upward through the warm south wind with a whirling and progressive motion, and, finding no more impediment in its path, rushes swiftly on its mad career.

A gentleman who has traveled much in the West and South and seen what damage a tornado can do, thinks that many lives might be saved by the observance of a few wise precautions. "Lieutenant Finley, of the signal service corps," he said, "has spent years in studying this subject, and has turned the knowledge which he has acquired to good account. In 1879 he undertook to visit the track of every tornado reported to the signal department at Washington, and it was in that way the official investigation began. From that year to the present Lieutenant Finley has given the best part of his time to the study of tornadoes, and has embodied his experience in valuable reports. He has a corps of men all over the country ready to report whenever a tornado appears in their vicinity, and it is by comparing their statements with those of the officials of the signal service offices that he succeeds in acquiring a pretty exact knowledge of the characteristics of the various tornadoes that visit this country every year.

"Now, there is no doubt but that much of the damage caused by tornadoes could be very easily avoided. The loss of human life would not be nearly so great as it is if people only kept their eyes open and did not get flurried at the approach of a storm. For example, suppose you saw a tornado cloud coming toward you, would you attempt to cross its path? I think not. Yet more than one person has been killed in this way. Yet there is one golden rule which everyone should remember. It is this—never move to the southeast, nor northeast or east, and always 'make tracks' before the tornado cloud is close on your heels. If you happen to be in a house and can't get out of it in time, go down to your cellar and place yourself against the west wall. Whatever you do, don't choose a northeasterly position. The tornado moves in that direction, and you can easily imagine how unpleasant it would be for you to be directly in its path.

"In regard to buildings, I do not see how they can be protected against such storms. Make them as solid and as firm as you please, still a lusty tornado will scatter them like chaff. Lieutenant Finley's advice in this respect is, 'Don't spend much money on buildings and don't fail to insure them.'

"One word more. There is no reason why every family in a district exposed to tornadoes should not have a subterranean chamber to which it could retreat in time of danger. A 'dugout,' as it is called, can be constructed with little trouble, and may be the means of saving many lives. Being completely under ground it can defy the power of the tornado. It is, moreover, in many respects preferable to a cellar, as the latter is liable to be filled with the debris of the falling house."—*New York Herald.*

Making Pretzels.

The ordinary reader undoubtedly knows something in a general way about the baker's art, but in a cosmopolitan city there are about as many varieties of the staff of life as there are nationalities. The pretzel is peculiar to the German table, and perhaps the process of preparing it is less familiar in this country than that of any other article of food. Flour, yeast, water, and a great deal of salt are the sole ingredients of which the dough out of which the pretzel is evolved is composed. It is tough and heavy, and after having been well kneaded is placed in great heaps on a long table in front of the workmen. They grab it up by handfuls, roll it out in long, thin strips, and then curl and tie it up into the queer shapes in which it makes its appearance in beer saloons and cheap lunch counters. A journeyman baker is expected to make one pretzel every two seconds. After it has assumed its definite form it is laid upon a wooden rack in the middle of the room. Rack after rack is thus filled, and they are piled one above another. Each one contains 100 pretzels. A thousand are generally prepared for the oven before the baking begins. The ovens are of enormous size. The pretzels are baked very thoroughly, and are regarded as especially wholesome for this reason. Then comes the most singular part of the process. Racks, charged with pretzels, are dipped in a weak solution of lye, the effect of which is to give to their surface a bright and glossy appearance. After being thickly sprinkled with salt they are ready for sale. Those that are intended for shipment, or to be kept for some time, undergo an additional process. They are placed in a steam box, and remain there for two or three hours. This sort of cure makes them proof against mold or souring for months. One of the greatest peculiarities of pretzels is their salty taste, and they conduce to the greater consumption of beer. But so much salt is used simply for the purpose of preventing them from becoming stale. They are a favorite part of the rations of the Prussian army.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Handkerchiefs.

A handkerchief was the square of fine linen formerly employed by women to cover the head, but more recently used in the hand, and not as a covering only. The term handkerchief is not met with earlier than in the fifteenth century, when in the "Wardrobe Accounts of Edward IV." we find "V dozen handcouverchieffes" are named as having been made by one Alice Shapster, to whom a payment had been made. Modern handkerchiefs are to be had of different dimentions, those for women being smaller than those for men. They are produced in silk, both Chinese and Indian, as well as in English; of cambric, cotton and muslin; some designed for the pocket and others for the neck.

Some of the Indian silk ones are in self-colors, others have patterns upon them and are necessarily of two colors. These are known as bandana handkerchiefs. Cambric, muslin, cotton and gingham handkerchiefs are to be had with hemstitch or ribbon borders, and some are more or less embroidered; others have black or colored borders in various designs.

Bales of colored cotton handkerchiefs are manfactured in this country in Oriental colors and designs, so prepared to suit the native taste for the Indian export trade. Trimmings of lace applied to handkerchiefs first came into fashion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—*Dorcas Magazine.*

In a Grizzly's Jaws.

Advices from British Columbia state that a short time since, while two telegraph repairers were carrying on their work in the Selkirk mountains one of them was attacked by a grizzly bear, who caught him by the calf of the leg as he was drinking from a stream. The bear endeavored to carry him into the cave, but he placed his arm around a tree and bellowed for his companion, who came close to the bear and emptied seven Winchester balls into him. Seeing the seven balls did not make him relinquish his hold, he caught the ferocious animal by the ears and tried to haul him off. This caused the animal to move a little, thus enabling the friend to pull his companion's rifle from under the bear. He then commenced pouring his friend's seven bullets into the bear's head, and had fired the last shot when the bear rolled over. The trouble then was to get the jaws open to release his hold. This was done by inserting the barrel of one of the rifles and prying it open. The man will lose his limb.—*Winnipeg (Manitoba) Sun.*

Habits of Eels.

Any one standing early in June on the banks of the Delaware, or any stream communicating with the sea in which eels are caught, may see a large black streak moving up stream, near the shore. Close examination will show that this strange object is made up of thousands upon thousands of living creatures, none of them larger than a milliner's needle. They are young eels, which have been hatched in the mud at and below tide water, and which are on their way to their summer homes in the rivers and creeks that empty into it. By the time they reach the upper waters they have grown to a length of three or four inches, and when they run down in the fall they will be a foot long. The fact that eels will travel around obstacles in streams that the modern sea novel tells us sailors like.

From the workshop you go through the library, where the guide, with subdued respect, announces that they have "loads of books of all kinds—history and geography and religious works—more than any man can read." Then through the card-room, a pleasant apartment, furnished with little tables just big enough for two. They call it the card-room because no cards are permitted there, and only checkers and dominoes hold the boards.

In the supply room, where every one of the 850 men are furnished with clothing and all the necessaries of that kind, the men in charge were giving out shoes. There were little cat-boat kind of shoes, larger shoes that recalled the two-masted schooners, and great three-decker shoes, like the immense men-of-war they are building nowadays. Every man had his choice, and there was a friendly rivalry to get the biggest shoes in the pile.

Across the lawn, past the little church where Rev. C. K. Jones holds service, past Dr. Joy's residence and the parsonage and past a little lake, which the guide described as "just abaft the flower bed," the path leads up to the hospital, said to be the most complete known to modern civilization. All that experience and unlimited money could do has been done here, and the hospital has every convenience, from a smoking-room down to Turkish baths.

About the grounds, back toward the cemetery, are the carpenter shop, laundry, bakery, engine house and storehouse. Three new buildings are in process of construction. In a roomy house overlooking the bay Governor Trask, the ruler of Sailors' Snug Harbor, lives and watches over his domain. It is a little principality founded on charity and ruled by brotherly love.—*New York World.*

A UNIQUE INSTITUTION.

THE LIFE AGED SAILORS' LEAD AT SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

The Beautiful Home on Staten Island Where Hundreds of White-Haired Mariners Take Things Easy.

About fifty years ago Richard Robert Randall, a prosperous resident of New York, died and left a curious will that has been in the courts for nearly half a century. The will bequeathed his shoe-buckles and knee-buckles to his faithful servants, gave £1,000 to each of his brother's children, and left the remainder of his estate to found a home for aged seamen. The home, he said, should be called "Sailors' Snug Harbor." The property left for this endowment was a "farm" lying around Canal street. At that time it was not very valuable, but now, inclosed in the heart of the city, the estate is worth many millions, and the yearly interest is more than the trustees can spend, try they never so hard.

After Mr. Randall had been buried the trustees bought a plot of ground on the north shore of Staten Island, removed his remains to the lawn that slopes down to the bay and began the erection of the Sailors' home. Year by year additions were made until now Sailor's Snug Harbor is a village in itself. On the 164 acres of ground fifteen great buildings have been erected and a park laid out that is, perhaps, unequaled in the country. With more money at their command than they could spend, the home has every convenience that artistic taste could suggest or comfort demand. Aged sailors who have served five years under the American flag are the inmates.

The visitor to the harbor walks up the gang-plank from the boat into a gothic ferry-house, furnished in hard wood, and is shown up to the grounds by a garrulously polite sailor-man. At the lodge, a pressed brick structure with a floor picked out in tiles that make a mariner's compass, you stop to register your name in a book that holds the autographs of half the distinguished people in the country. If you remain to talk, the good-looking sailor who hands you the pen will tell you that he is ninety-one years old, and that he served as gunner in all the principal marine battles of the late war.

Leaving him you go up to the flagged walk that winds through a mossy lawn to five stone buildings joined together as one and supported by severely simple Doric columns. On a little mound a plain shaft of granite with a brief inscription marks the resting-place of the founder of the home. Two great anchors picked out in bright foliage plants break the long stretch of smooth grass. All about are century-old oaks, and bordering the walks scores of benches hold comfortably lounging sailors whose battles are ended and whose only care now is to eat, drink and be happy.

You turn from the steps to enter the main hall and are met by another veteran with a fringe of white beard wound like a comforter about his neck and a badge marked "Guide" on his breast. He shows you over the grounds, tells you his name is J. Valpey, that he is eighty-one years old and was selected on account of his youthful agility, that he earns thirteen cents a day by his work and that he is not allowed to accept fees, "but, of course, if a visitor drops a quarter in my pocket and I don't find it out, I can't help it, can I?"

The grand hallway, with its tesselated floor and artistic frescoes, is lighted by stained glass windows, whose designs were made by one of the inmates—Captain Fields. Here is a capstan and there a binnacle, and over the door a topsail, and all about designs of lighthouses from over the entire coast. Bellying sails reach down in painted semblance from the frescoed ceiling, and the moon and southern constellations are blown in the upper windows.

The guide leads the way down to the basement and points with pride to the perfect arrangement of the kitchen. An uncomfortable feeling that your hands are not quite clean and that your boots are dusty comes over you as you look about this apartment. Around the walls are great, shining copper caldrons that he says hold 800 pounds of beef and several bushels of potatoes each. There is a stove that looks like a palace car and that has no stovepipe to it—the smoke goes underground. Then there are two big tables that run on little car-tracks, conveying the food to the dining-rooms where the 850 inmates are fed. He calls one of the tracks the Northern Pacific and the other the Jersey Central.

In the dining room half a dozen long tables are spread with the best of food. Each seat is numbered, and each sailor man always sits at his own number. When he goes away for a week or a month on a visit the number is removed from the table and his stool turned down so that no other person can occupy the place. The guide recites with pride how an army of farmers supply vegetables from the great farm attached to the home, how twenty-five cows supply milk, and how it takes over one hundred employes to do the work about the place and to wait on the inmates. They do nothing themselves but make their own beds.

"Except, of course," he adds, "when they are on the tarboo."

"What is a tarboo?" you ask, and find that tarboo is a system of punishment for infringing the rules. The inmates are allowed every liberty, but if they come home intoxicated or remain out after 9 o'clock without giving notice of such intention, a court hears the complaint and sentences them to do certain work and restrains them within the limits of the grounds. In one end of one of the dining rooms, for there are two—called respectively uptown and downtown Delmonico's—a sailor man stood before a mountain of bread, cutting it into slices. He had for a knife an old saw with the teeth filed off and sharpened to a razor edge. It was the only kind of a knife that did not tire his arm in the laborious work of sawing up 300 loaves of bread every day, and he spoke lovingly of its merits as his own invention. In the long hall that stretches away for two blocks in the basement of the main building the sailors have their workshop. The hall is lined with lockers that serve as seats and hold the material with which the men work. Here they make all sorts of little things that only he who has had a deep water voyage before the mast can make. Toy ships and mats, and hats, and hammocks, and baskets, and fishing nets they turn out and sell in the city to buy more than the monthly allowance of tobacco, and those other little luxuries that the modern sea novel tells us sailors like.

From the workshop you go through the library, where the guide, with subdued respect, announces that they have "loads of books of all kinds—history and

Great Whales and Little Fishes.

A new industry has been recently started in Sweden and Norway, namely, the canning of whales for export to Roman Catholic countries where fasting and fish diet are together in fashion. According to the most recent accounts the "tinning" of whale fish is being actively carried on at Vado, in East Finmarken, and at several other points in the North. Indeed it is said that canned whale is the latest addition to our culinary resources, and at least in Southern Europe, will soon take its place side by side with Canadian lobster and American salmon. We are also informed that epicures are enthusiastic over the new delicacy, and it is quite on the cards that pickled rorqual and potted razor back may ere long form part of the monthly feasts for which our Clover club has become so famous.

Fish from time immemorial has been largely a matter of fashion, and the method of cooking seems to have been of far more importance than the fish themselves. The Romans used to cook their mullet in glass vessels, alive, while the guests looked on admiringly as the fine pink color changed into paleness and death ensued. Epicures, it is said, even had little rivulets stocked with fish around the dinner-table where the guests selected their fish, and delivered them to be cooked. The flesh of live slaves was declared to have greatly improved the taste of the sea-eel, and some of the Roman emperors were particularly fond of the fish that had been fed upon such fare. Carp reduced to a pulp and served with sows' paps and yolk of egg was esteemed a great luxury, as was gold fish with carrots and myrtle leaves. The Greeks ate their cod with grated cheese and vinegar, while the Romans swallowed Damascus plums with perch.

The ancients must have had most accommodating stomachs, for it is said a sauce of honey could induce them to eat a cuttle-fish. Garlic and cheese made the swordfish delicacies; the shombus floated into Greek stomachs on a sauce of wine and brine; the ladies of Rome ate onions with the muzil, and pine nuts with the filahard. Rome and Greece both adored the loach. The moderns swallow snails and frogs, and the ancients ate the polypus and tortoise. Which are the nastiest we don't pretend to decide. To our own mind they are all unclean feasts when compared with the bulky, though wholesome, cetacean mammal, so soon to be recognized in the category of popular foods, and to be dissociated from the nauseous and degrading surroundings of train oil, crude spermaceti and whalebone.

Fashion and the cooking, as we have seen, played a more important part in the history of fish than the fish themselves. Porpoises and seals have even been devoured with relish, and with cooks such as Louis XIV. is said to have had, who could so dress fish as to give it the taste of any flesh they pleased to fix on as an object of imitation, we can easily believe that canned whale may be yet enjoyed as an article of luxury.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Process of Cremating.

"And from his Ashes may be made
The violet of his native land."

Cremation is erroneously supposed to be a burning of the body. It is not! No flame whatever touches the flesh or bones from the beginning to the end of the process. It is properly and strictly "incineration," or reduction of the human frame to ashes. An absorption of all the gaseous elements carried on inside a fire-clay retort, three feet in diameter and seven in length.

"Cremation, by an eye-witness" describes the process as follows: "As the door of the retort is opened the inrushing air cools it from white to red heat, and the whole interior is filled with a beautiful rosy light, that is fascinating to the eye. The body, decently clad as for burial, is laid in a crib, which is covered with a clean white sheet soaked in alum. The crib is then put into the retort. The sheet retains its original position and conceals the form until nothing but the bones are left—and these gently crumble into dust as under the mystic touch of an invisible agent. The process might be called the spiritualization, or the etherialization of the body. There is nothing which need shock the most refined tastes, nor offend the most delicate sensibilities."

The relatives then receive a few pounds of clean pure ashes in an urn, which can be placed in any cemetery, public or private, in a vault or church niche, or disposed of as personal choice may dictate.

The men predominate in Mississippi, Vermont, Ohio, Kentucky, Delaware, Florida, West Virginia and Indiana, where the females are about 95 per cent. of the males, and in Illinois, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Missouri and Iowa the percentage of females is from 90 to 95.

It is stated that Paris manufacturers are imitating cod liver oil by soaking herrings in olive oil, which quickly takes up the fishy odor and closely resembles light cod liver oil. The brown oil is produced by allowing the fish to soak for about ten days.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Tan and all shades of brown are popular.

Fur will be much used on winter bonnets.

Serges are finer and softer than ever before.

Combination suits are more fashionable than ever.

Green, no matter whether it prove becoming or not, is to be worn.

A new fancy of the fair is gold knitting-needles tipped with pearls.

Artificial honey is made with a machine invented by a Wisconsin woman.

New tissues for long scarf vests are of fine silk threads woven in fish-net pattern.

A full table service of pure gold makes bright the board of Mrs. Catherine Astor.

Braids of medium width, edged with ponpons is used for trimming woolen costumes.

The Woman's National Industrial league has decided that Chinese laundries must go.

Madras striped silk is used for panels, vests and cuffs for costumes of dark silk or of fine wool.

Bonnets are more eccentric and capricious than ever, in shape, size, materials and trimmings.

Spite of many innovations in the coiffure, the close English style of hair-dressing still prevails.

The fronts of basques have one or two points, the back frequently has the sash drapery attached to it.

Stripes of various colors, side by side, are frequently seen in velvet or plush on sober-toned woolen grounds.

The bulk of winter stuffs, both wool and silk, are striped horizontally as a rule, but frequently vertically.

In Paris the passion is for stripes, plain stripes, fancy stripes, Pekin stripes, narrow stripes and broad stripes in every possible combination of color and material.

Bluish moonlight and blue steel beads mixed with a smaller quantity of bronze, or grenat beads, form some of the most beautiful trimmings that can be obtained.

Miss Madeline Garnier, a niece of Joaquin Miller, is translating clerk in the office of the first assistant postmaster-general. She speaks five languages, and paints and writes well.

An authority on etiquette says that a woman can take a man's hand, but must not shake it; but there is nothing set down in the rules which can prevent her from shaking the man.

A lady at Carroll, Pa., who celebrated the Fourth of July, 1884, by becoming the mother of twin boys, celebrated the National birthday this year by a precisely similar performance.

In making up skirts be sure to have the lower part so lined up that it is stiff and firm; there should always be a knitting or a plaiting quite at the edge to throw it out, not necessarily to show.

Miss Mary Justin is clerk of the First National bank of Bloomsburgh, Pa. She has the privilege of signing her name to bank notes "for President," the latter officer having nearly lost his sight.

Derby hats for misses, in brown and gray felt, have no plume this year, simply a corded ribbon to match the color of the hats. In shape they are higher and with more of a flat brim than last year's.

Mrs. Garfield, who has one of the finest dwellings on Euclid avenue, Cleveland, is said to have grown old rapidly since her great trial. She is frequently seen riding out, and her turnout is one of the handsomest in the city.

Women dentists are gaining ground in Germany. They are practicing in many of the great cities; in Hamburg, Strasburg, Cologne, Wiesbaden, and Frankfort-on-the Main. They are very popular with the children.

Braid is still used in diagonal rows and in points on the vest, collar and sleeves, and as a border on the lower edge. Alaska sable, Persian lambskin, and the light natural beaver will be the popular furs for trimming cloth wraps.

Very few suits are made entirely of one fabric. Of all the fancies shown each has its matching cloth, and tailor-made suits are of a subdued stripe, plain or check, in somber colors, with plain cloth matching one or other of the checks or stripes.

Plush is restored to favor, and is a favorite material for small wraps, rivaling velvet in popularity, and second only to fur seal for very rich garments, and is made into the scarf and cape like garments that have only one seam in the back and short shoulder seams.

The widow of Archduke Johann, of Austria, has died. The archduke while traveling through Aussee asked the postmaster for a postchaise. No postilion, however, could be found; so the postmaster's daughter donned the dress of a postilion and offered her services. The archduke was struck by her beauty, and subsequently she became his wife and was elevated to the rank of countess.

Five hundred years B. C., the Etruscan ladies fastened their coils and braids with spear-shaped pins, as beautiful as they were useful. Some of them were made of ivory and some of bronze and silver. They were ornamented in various ways, some with busts carved upon them, and some with full-length reclining figures. Venus rising out of the sea and stroking back her wet hair was a favorite design.

The newest style is to have the bodice of a plain fabric and usual figured stuffs for the trimming and on the skirts. The princess polonaise which, when en train becomes the princess robe, is revived, opening over a petticoat front of fancy brocade. The robe is for rich silks and velvets, but the polonaise is likely to be much worn for street suits, and home toilets of the beautiful cloths and cashmeres are in vogue.

Why a Drunken Man Escapes.

One sometimes sees a drunken man pitched violently from a horse, and when the bystanders rush to the spot, expecting to find him dead, they are astonished to discover that he has been little injured. In his "Scrambles Among the High Alps," Leslie Stephen tells the story of a guide who, while drunk, fell over a precipice so deep that a fall over it seemed almost death, and who yet sustained little injury. The reason of this immunity is that the nerve centers are so much paralyzed in the drunken man as not to be affected by the shock of the fall, which, in a sober man, would have acted upon them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest the circulation, and cause instant death.—*New York Sun.*

The number of florists in the United States is put at 8,000, who produce 50,000,000 plants yearly.

I NTHE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to to me:
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place—
Oh, for the peace of that dear time,
Oh, for that childish trust sublime,
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A coat of paint has no buttons on it.—*Curl Pretzel.*

A telephone office should be located in a "holler" square.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The man who said he was out on a lark was really out on a swallow.—*Sam.*

The cup that doesn't cheer or inebriate, but sometimes rouses suspician—the hic-cup.

Subterranean Planters designate cremation as a burning shame.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Some people are willing to be good if they are well paid for it. Others are good for nothing.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A petrified mule has been found in Pennsylvania. This surprises us. We had no idea a mule could keep its hoofs still long enough for that.—*Graphic.*

The Concord *Monitor* has an article on "The Fear Blight." The C.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1885.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

FOR 1885.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its thirty-third volume on January 1st, 1884.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1885.

—Major Dowd has established a branch revenue office at Statesville.

—Dr. J. H. Hall, of Greensboro', died last Friday.

—Hon. A. A. McKoy, Judge of the Sixth Judicial District, died at his home in Clinton on the 10th inst.

—The Cluverius case has been continued and will not come up, the Richmond *State* says, before March or April.

—The Fair at Goldsboro, and Fayetteville have been a success. The fire in the latter place somewhat interfered with the Fair.

—A number of iron mines have shut down in Pennsylvania, throwing many workmen out of employment.

—"For I am declined into vale of years," she said a little sadly, "but indeed I don't much mind it since I can get Salvation Oil for 25 cents."

—Easter of next year falls on St. Mark's day, April 25th, its latest possible date. The last time this occurred was in 1636 (old style), and it will not so fall again until 1943.

—On the morning of the 12th instant, at Trinity College, Dr. J. L. Craven dropped dead from apoplexy. He was a prominent physician and son of Rev. B. Craven, late president of Trinity College.

—There will be a called meeting of the State Historical Society in Raleigh on December 24, for the purpose of securing the aid of the State Board of Agriculture, which will be asked to set aside a fund for the advancement of horticultural work.

—The Baptist Convention met at Reidsville last week, and was called to order by Hon. John C. Scarborough. Prayer was offered by Dr. T. H. Pritchard. Rev. T. C. Bailey, of the *Biblical Recorder*, was elected president. Most of the former officers were retained.

—Louis David Riel was executed near Regina, N. W. T., on Monday last for high treason against the Queen of Great Britain. There was considerable excitement among the French Canadian citizens of Montreal when the news of Riel's execution was received.

—The Fair of the Industrial Association, held last week in Raleigh, was by large odds the best that has been heretofore gotten up by the colored people of North Carolina. Much more interest seems to have been taken in the matter, resulting in an exhibit creditable to all concerned.—*Visitor.*

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—A large meeting of citizens of Raleigh was held last week favorable to the establishment of an Industrial School.

A committee of ten from Wake county and fifteen from the State at large was appointed whose duty it shall be to confer with the authorities of the city of Raleigh and with practical industrious educators in this State and elsewhere and consider the cost and character of the institution best suited to our needs and conditions; that they present a report of their conclusions to the Board of Agriculture at its next regular meeting in December.

Death of Mr. Lemuel Bingham.

The gentleman whose name appears above, died at the residence of his son-in-law, ex-Judge D. M. Furches, in Statesville, Monday afternoon, in the ninety-first year of his age. He was a native of Massachusetts, and came to North Carolina in early manhood. He, in connection with Hon. Philo White, established the first paper ever established in Salisbury. He also spent some years in Charlotte, in the newspsper business. Later he moved to Mocksville and engaged in merchandize. He was chosen clerk and master in equity for Davie county, and held this position for many years. Fifteen or more years ago he came to Statesville and made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Furches.—*Landmark.*

Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. George V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that she is able now to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at the drug-stores.

Railroad Meeting.

On Wednesday, 11th instant, the stockholders of the North Carolina Midland Railroad met in Winston. Col. A. S. Buford, president of the Richmond and Danville system, and J. Turner Morehead, Esq., president of North Carolina Midland road, were present, together with a large majority of the stockholders of said road. By the courtesy of the secretary, Col. J. W. Alspaugh, we are enabled to make the following report of the proceedings:

Colonel Buford declared it the purpose of the Richmond and Danville road to carry out in a practical way, in good faith, all the pledges ever made by the road under his management for the completion and running of the North Carolina Midland railroad, and the ultimate design of his system of roads to make it a great through thoroughfare between the North and the South, and to that end suggested as the better and more practical plan the building of the road in sections, suggesting first the building of a section from Winston to Walnut Cove, and a section from Winston to Mocksville, or anywhere along the line of the road where the local authorities would expend their subscriptions in grading and preparing the road-bed.

The meeting then proceeded to re-organize the company by the election of Colonel J. T. Morehead permanent president of the road, and by the election of the following board of directors: A. S. Buford, Richmond, Va., M. F. Clyde, Thos. Scott, New York, G. F. Baker, and three other prominent railroad men of the Richmond and Danville system, together with the following gentlemen to compose the local directors: J. M. Vaughn, A. Leazer, J. W. Fries, W. C. Wilson and C. H. Wiley. They also revoked the resolution by which the Virginia Midland Railway was enabled heretofore to control the fate of the enterprise by holding a majority of the stock, and thereby preventing additional subscriptions to be taken to the Company. To this end the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors be, and they are hereby authorized, to take such additional subscriptions to the stock of the company as they may find practical and judicious.

From the action taken, it is very evident that the citizens of the two towns of Winston and Salem, together with such local aid as they can get along the line of the road to go to work, use their corporation bonds, heretofore prepared, the individual subscriptions made, and we will have a road to Walnut Cove to meet the Yadkin Valley by the time it gets there.

Colonel Buford also pledged the immediate payment, at an early day, of all the outstanding debts of the Company by an instalment to be paid upon the subscription of the Virginia Midland road.—*Daily.*

FOREIGN.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The declaration of war by Servia against Bulgaria caused a depression in the London stock market. English railway securities and European bonds fell two points.

SOFIA, Nov. 14.—The following has just been issued by the government: "The Servians having invaded Bulgaria to-day, before declaring war, Bulgaria has decided to uphold the national cause by all means at her disposal." Intense excitement prevails, and active preparations are being made to defend the city. A number of heavy guns are being mounted in available positions commanding the different roads leading to the city.

PHILLOPOLIS, Nov. 14.—Great excitement and enthusiasm prevails in this city. Troops are being hurried forward to the defence of Sofia, and the war fever, which had recently died out, is again at the highest pitch.

BULGRADE, November 14.—The Servian army crossed the Bulgarian frontier at 1 o'clock this morning in three divisions, Tsarbod, Klissora and Bregova. They met with no resistance in crossing. Sharp fighting occurred at Tru, in the Veasana road, and at Kustendil. Many were killed and wounded on both sides. The Bulgarians retreated at all points. The whole Servian army is now on Bulgarian territory.

LATER.—Foreign dates of the 16th state that there was deperate fighting Sunday between the Servians and Bulgarians, with heavy loss on both sides. The Bulgarians retreated.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. By the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained thirty-six pounds in flesh. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption Free at the drug stores.

—A destructive fire raged Thursday in Galveston, Texas. Up to a late hour in the afternoon the fire was still progressing, and over seven hundred houses had been destroyed, mostly residences. The wind was blowing a heavy gale and the entire city was threatened with destruction. No loss of life has been reported thus far.

Mr. J. W. Best has been bailed in Boston in $5,000, the bond having been reduced from $25,000 on account of a defect in the bill of indictment. His counsel handed the court $5,000 in cash and Best was turned loose.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

DAVIE COUNTY.

From the Times.

—Among the delegates appointed by Gov. Scales, to the "Farmer's National Congress," is F. M. Johnson, of Farmington, as one of the representatives of the Seventh district.

—Daniel Orrell, Advance, Shady Grove township, Davie county, died Wednesday evening from the effect of too much laudanum. From what we can learn, he had been drinking and wanted to quit off, but could not sleep, so he went to the store and bought a bottle of laudanum and drank it in the place of brandy, without knowing its danger, he having never taken any before. He was about 30 years old.

—Thirteen years ago a Mr. Watkins went to the city of Gaudalajure, Mexico, as a protestant missionary, and found no one to welcome him. At the end of a year he had sixteen converts. Now there are 16,000 members of Protestant churches in the neighborhood. The city itself contains nearly 100,000 people, and now has street railways, electric lights, telephone service, &c., though not yet connected with the capital by rail.

1886.

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ILLUSTTATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is the only paper in the world that combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and methods of household adornment. Its weekly illustrations and descriptions of the newest Paris and New York styles with its useful pattern-sheet supplements and cut patterns, by enabling ladies to be their own dress-makers, save many times the cost of subscription. Its papers on cooking, the management of servants and house-keeping in its various details are eminently practical. Much attention is given to the interesting topic of social etiquette, and its illustrations of art needle-work are acknowledged to be unequalled. Its literary merit is of the highest excellence, and the unique character of its humorous pictures has won for it the name of the American *Punch*.

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An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier.*

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CAR LOAD OF COOKING AND HEATING STOVES

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engraved on steel, TWICE THE SIZE OF OTHERS, and superbly colored. Also, Household, Crockery, and other receipts; articles on Art Embroidery, Flower Culture, House Decoration in short, everything interesting to ladies.

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N. C. DIVISION.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Charlotte,	4.50 a m	6.30 p m
" Salisbury,	6.32 a m	7.50 p m
" Lexington,	7.45 a m	8.52 p m
Arrive Greensboro,	8.17 a m	9.18 p m
Leave "	9.35 a m	
Arrive Hillsboro,	11.39 a m	
" Durham,	12.13 p m	
" Raleigh,	1.20 p m	
Leave "	2.28 p m	
Arrive Goldsboro,	4.40 p m	

No. 15—Daily except Sunday.

Leave Greensboro, 10.00 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 6 00 a m
Arrive at Goldsboro, 11.00 a m

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R., for all points North, East and West of Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. Daily. Nos. 51 and 53 connect at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points on Salem Branch.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Goldsboro,	12.35 p m	
Arrive Raleigh,	3.00 p m	
Leave "	5.00 p m	
Arrive Durham,	6.07 p m	
" Hillsboro,	6.47 p m	
" Greensboro,	9.00 p m	
Leave "	11.21 p m	9.36 a m
Arrive Lexington,	12.31 p m	10.40 a m
" Salisbury,	1.05 a m	11.10 a m
" Charlotte,	2.50 a m	12.35 p m

No. 16—Daily except Sunday.

Leave Goldsboro, 7.45 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 11.45 p m
Leave Raleigh, 12.35 a m
Arrive at Greensboro, 8.30 a m

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury for all points on W. N. C. R. R., and at Charlotte with A. & C. Air Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R., for all points South and Southeast and with A. & C. Air-Line for all points South.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 50—Daily.

Leave Greensboro, 11.35 p m
Arrive Kernersville, 12.39 p m
" Salem, 1.17 p m

No. 52—Daily.

Leave Greensboro, 9.46 a m
Arrive Kernersville, 10.50 a m
" Salem, 11.25 a m

GOING NORTH.

No. 51—Daily.

Leave Salem, 6.55 p m
Arrive Kernersville, 7.30 p m
" Arrive Greensboro, 8.35 p m

No. 53—Daily.

Leave Salem, 6.40 a m
Arrive Kernersville, 6.05 a m
" Greensboro, 8.05 a m

STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.

GOING NORTH.

No. 1—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Chapel Hill, 10.25 a m
Arrive University, 11.25 p m

No. 3—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Chapel Hill, 5.00 p m
Arrive University, 6.00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

No. 4—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave University, 6.30 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill, 7.31 p m

No. 2—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave University, 11.54 a m
Arrive Chapel Hill, 12.54 p m

Buffet Sleeping Cars Without Change.

On Trains 50 and 51, between New York and Atlanta, and between Greensboro and Asheville.

Through Pullman Sleepers on Trains 52 and 53, between Washington and Augusta, and Danville and Richmond, and Washington and New Orleans.

Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Chalotte, for all points South, South-west, West, North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

A. L. RIVES, 2d V. P. and Gen. Manager. M. SLAUGHTER, Gen. Pass. Agent. Richmond, Va.

University of North Carolina.

Six new Professors have recently been added to the Faculty, making a total of seventeen instructors. All the Courses of Study have been enlarged and strengthened. Post-graduate instruction is offered in every department. The next session begins August 27. Entrance examinations August 27, 28, 29.

For catalogue containing information in regard to tuition, board, terms of admission, &c., apply to

HON. KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., PRESIDENT, Chapel Hill, N. C.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Pamphlet free. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Dr. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 C. H. St., Boston, Mass.

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Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. It is strictly a medicine to be given with food. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like it. It cures chicken cholera and all diseases of hens. Is worth its weight in gold. Illustrated book by mail free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 2 1-4 lb. air-tight tin cans, $1; by mail, $1.20. Six cans by express, prepaid, for $5.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston.

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BOTH FOR ONE YEAR, $3.00.

Each month for 1886 GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, "the old reliable magazine," will contain a beautifully engraved frontispiece, illustrations of prevailing fashions in colors and black and white, designs of the latest novelties in fancy work in colors or black and white, of **Berlin work, crochet, drawn-thread work, embroidery, knitting, knotting or macrame, lace, netting, Poonah painting and tatting**, with complete instruction for the same. In addition to plain directions and perfect illustrations of the various stitches, and instructions in different kinds of **fancy work**, the magazine will contain many useful and elegant designs for a great variety of articles not affected by changes of fashion. It is so admirably adapted to its purpose as to be indispensable to the work-table of every lady. **A FULL SIZE CUT PAPER PATTERN**, of which you can make your own selection from any design illustrated in the magazine, **FREE OF COST**, exhaustive notes on **fashions** with full description of those illustrated, a department of **recipes** that have been practically tested before publication, a department on **housekeeping** and **dressmaking**, two pages of **select music**, an **architectural design**, a department of **agriculture**, besides **novels, novelettes, stories, history, biographical sketches, poetry, notes on music, art, literature, scientific miscellany** and current events of the day by the best magazine writers. The mechanical production of the book will excel that of any other $2 00 magazine published. The twelve books during the year will constitute a volume of over one thousand pages. Price $2.00. A sample copy 15 cents. Liberal terms to club raisers.

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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
P. O. Box H H, PHILADELPHIA.

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I am daily receiving my FALL and WINTER GOODS, all of which have ben bought at

EXTREMELY LOW FIGURES.

Large lot CASIMERES, KERSEYS, JEANS, SHIRTINGS, DOMESTIC, CALICO and LADIES DRESS GOODS. Also NOTIONS, ALL WOOL SHAWLS VERY CHEAP. MISSES and CHILDREN'S HOODS. Large Stock HATS and CAPS, MEN'S and BOYS' BOOTS, MEN'S, LADIES, MISSES, BOYS and CHILDREN'S SHOES,

RED SOLE LEATHER,

SUGAR, COFFEE, NOTIONS, SYRUP, MEAT, LARD, FISH and FANCY GROCERIES. Also DRUGS and SPICES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE.

I AM ACENT FOR

DISSOLVED BONE PHOSPHATE

FOR WHEAT,

PRICE ONLY $2.75 PER SACK.

It is highly recommended for Wheat and rasses

DON'T FAIL TO TRY IT.

Thanking my friends and customers for their liberal support in past and hope by honest and fair dealings to merit a continuance of your esteemed favors, I am

Very Respectfully

D. S. REID.

Winston, N. C., Sept. 17th, 1885.

AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, STATIONERY

AND BIRTHDAY AND EASTER CARDS.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM, PROPRIETORS.

RE-SALE OF LAND.

BY virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, I will expose to sale at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, November, 28th, 1885,

the following lots:

Lot No. 2 and No. 3, on the north side of the road in Waughtown.

ALSO 29 ACRES OF LAND,

on the South side of the road.

All of the above property belonging to the estate of George Mock,—a ten per cent. bid having been placed upon them since the last sale.

TERMS.—One-third cash, one-third three months and one-third six months. Bond with security required.

P. W. RAPER, *Adm'r.* of George Mock.

J. C. Buxton, Attorney.

Oct. 27th, 1885.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Send your name and address for the CEDAR COVE NURSERIES CATALOGUE, representing an immense stock of most beautiful

TREES, VINES AND PLANTS.

Over One Million Trees, Vines and Plants for permanent orchard planting, and stock for Nurserymen.

Every variety of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Apricot, Plum, Nectarines, Grapes, Strawberries, or any other kind of fruits that is worth growing can be supplied.

Orders solicited from all planters.

Address

N. W. CRAFT,
SHORE, YADKIN CO., N. C.

Liver, Kidney or Stomach Trouble.

Symptoms: Impure blood, costive bowels, irregular appetite, sour belching, pains in side, back and heart, yellow urine, burning when urinating, clay-colored stools, bad breath, no desire for work, chills, fevers, irritability, whitish tongue, dry cough, dizzy head, with dull pain in back part, loss of memory, foggy sight. For these troubles "SWAYNE'S PILLS" are a sure cure. Box, (30 Pills) by mail, 25 cts., 5 for $1.00. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa. Sold by Druggists.

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A FIRST CLASS

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Special attention to all branches taught in High Schools proper. Full

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BUSINESS COLLEGE equal to any south of Washington. 214 students last year from various parts of the South. New Buildings, new Furniture, new Literary Society Halls, and a full corps of experienced teachers. Location in every way desirable. For Catalogue, &c., address

J. A. & M. H. HOLT,
Oak Ridge, N. C.

THE BEST OF

GARDEN SEEDS,

CROP OF 1884.

DIRECT FROM THE FARM.

WARRANTED:

Fresh, Pure and Sure to Grow,

OR MONEY REFUNDED.

MARKET GARDENERS should try these Seeds. PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

Seeds for the Children's Garden at 25 per cent. Discount.

The Choicest and Best Flower Seeds, just imported from Europe.

If you or the children want seeds, please send for my Catalogue for 1885, with directions for cultivating, FREE TO ALL.

Address, **JOSEPH HARRIS,**
MORETON FARM, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Consumption.

All Throat, Breast, and Lung Affections cured by the old-established "SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY." The first dose gives relief, and a cure speedily follows. 25 cts., or $1.00, at Druggists.

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WINSTON, N. C.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS, GRASS SEEDS AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.

FARMERS' SUPPLIES.

1,000 BUSHELS OF CORN, 10,000 POUNDS CORN CHOP, 5,000 pounds Bolted Meal, 20,000 pounds Ship Stuff, 200 Bags Flour, 25,000 pounds Side Meat, 2,000 pounds Canvassed Hams, 1,000 pound Breakfast Bacon, 3,000 pounds Lard, 200 bags Coffee, 100 bbls. Extra C, White Extra C, and Granulated Sugar, 50 bbls. Syrup and Porto Rico Molasses, 5 bbls Rice, 50 Kegs of Soda, 1,000 seamless sacks Salt, 25 bbls. 110 and 150 test Coal Oil, 2,000 pounds of Sole Leather, 1,000 pairs Half Soles, and many other goods in same line, all of which will be sold at bottom prices by

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HARDWARE.

200 KEGS CUT NAILS, 25 KEGS ASSORTED HORSE AND MULE Shoes, Horse Shoe Nails, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Mattocks, Handled Hoes, Grain Scythes and Cradles, Grass Scythes, Snaths and Whet Stones, Horse Collars, Hames, Back Bands, Trace Chains, Log Chains, Hand Saws and Files, Cross Cut Saws and Files, Mill Saw Files, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Pocket Knives, Table Knives and Forks, Spoons, Butcher and Tobacco Knives, Smoothing Irons, Apple and Peach Parers, Knob, Stock, Pad, Chest, Till, Wardrobe and Jail Locks, Lap or Repair Links, Hooks and Staples, Steel Plows, Bed Fasteners, Hat and Coat Hooks, Sewing and Pegging Awls and Hafts, Iron and Steel Squares, Narrow and Loose Joint Butts, Shutter Hinges. Strap and T Hinges, Screws, Fire Irons, Tacks, Finishing Nails, Cartridges, Gun Caps, Shot and Bar Lead, Coffee Mills, Frying Pans, Brass Kettles, and a full line of Staple Hardware at very low prices. When you need anything in this line it will pay you to see

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

SUNDRIES.

LINSEED (RAW AND BOILED) OIL, COPAL, JAPAN AND OTHER Varnishes, Lewis' White Lead, Window Glass and Putty, 2 and 3 Hoop Painted and Cedar Buckets, Plain, Painted and Cedar Tubs, 3 and 4 gallon Well Buckets, 1, 2, 3, 4½, 5 and 10 gallon Oak Kegs, 2, 3 and 4 String Brooms, 3, 4, 5 and 10 gallon Cedar Churns, 4 and 5 gallon Shipping Cans, Jute, Sisel and Cotton Rope, and many more articles in same line. No one sells cheaper than

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

FRUIT JARS, QUART AND ½ GALS., STONE CROCKS, JUGS, JARS, and Churns, Tin Buckets, Coffee Pots, Oil Cans, Wash and Dish Pans, Milk Strainers and Cups, Tin Cups, Lard Cans, also many other articles which you can buy to advantage of

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

WE SAY IF YOU WANT PURE CANDIES, FRESH CRACKERS, Oysters, Canned Fruits, Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Sulphur, Copperas, Blue Stone, Cinnamon, Extracts, Essences, Concentrated Lye, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Horse and Cattle Powders, Patent Medicines and such like, you cannot buy them cheaper than they will be sold to you by

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HAVE YOU ANY HATS?

YES, SIR, ABOUT 35 CASES MEN'S AND BOY'S; STRAW FROM 5 cts. to $4. Men's and Boys' Wool and Saxony Wool from 25 cents to $1.25. Men's and Boys' Soft Finish Fur, very latest styles, from 75 cents to $5.00. Men's Stiff Hats from $1.00 to $3.00. No house carries a better or larger stock and you cannot buy cheaper of any one than you can of

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HOW ABOUT SHOES AND BOOTS?

NOW YOU HAVE STRUCK US. WE HAVE MADE THIS LINE OF OUR business a specialty for years, and do a very large business in both Shoes and Boots. We have received at one time as many as 200 cases direct from the factories. Our stock at all times is very large, well assorted, quality good to best. WE DO NOT SELL SHODDY SHOES. We have all grades of the Bay State Boots and Shoes. A prominent farmer told us last week that he wore a pair of Bay State high-cut $1.75 Standard Screw Brogans 12 months. We have sold in the past 10 days 90 pairs of this same shoe, and have 420 pairs on the way. We have them in cheaper grade Brogans, also Bals, laced and buttoned Shoes, ranging in prices from $1.25 to $4.75. Also have all the styles for Boys and Children. We have T. Miles' Son's Philadelphia Hand Made Shoes from $3 00 to $7.00 per pair. There are no Shoes on the market, of the same class, of superior merit or more value for the same money.

We carry a very large stock of the various styles and qualities of other makes of Shoes, and can always suit you in style, fit and prices.

In addition to a full line of Bay State Boots, we carry a large stock of Calf, P Calf, Wax Kip, and Split Boots for men, boys and children, ranging in price from $1.00 to $7.00 per pair.

Our Randolph Shoe made of home tanned leather, at $2.00 per pair, is an extra good and cheap shoe.

Remember that we have the exclusive control and sale of the Bay State, T. Miles' Sons and the Randolph Shoes in this market; every pair, with their trade mark on them, is fully warranted not to rip, to wear well, and give satisfaction. Do not buy any kind of Shoes until you examine the stock of

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Do You Sell Clothing and Men's Wear?

WE CARRY A VERY LARGE STOCK OF COTTONADES, LINEN Drills, Jeans, Cassimeres, Doeskin, and have a few patterns Broad Cloth, Coat Linings, Canvass, Buttons, Buckles, Coat Bindings, &c.

We have a good assortment of medium and good quality Clothing and Overcoats, which we are selling at remarkably low prices. We also sell the Globe Unlaundried and Laundried Shirts, the best Shirts on the market at the prices, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Men's Gauze and Merino Shirts. Merino and Cotton Drawers, &c. When you want anything in the above line come direct to

HINSHAW & BYNUM'S.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRAVEL?

Do you Want to Protect Yourself from the Sunshine and the Rain?

IF SO, COME TO US AND BUY A GOOD TRUNK, VALISE, SATCHEL, Umbrella, Rubber Overcoat, or Gossamer.

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

IF YOU WANT INK, STEEL PENS, WRITING PAPER, COPY BOOKS, Blank Books, Standard School Books, Envelopes, Slates, Pencils or anything in this line come to

HINSHAW & BYNUM'S.

STOVES AND HOLLOW WARE.

WE HAVE SOLD SEVERAL CAR LOADS OF ISAAC A. SHEPPARD'S Excelsior Cook Stoves during the last three years, and so far as we know every one has given perfect satisfaction, in all respects they are equal and in some respects superior to any and all Stoves made. Prices as low as the prices of any other good Stove. We keep in stock Nos. 16, 17, 18, 27, 28, and 28 with Reservoir. We also keep a full line of Excelsior Stove Fixtures, Ovens, Spiders, extra Lids, small Pots, Tea Kettles, Wash Pots and Wash Kettles. Do not buy any Stove until examine the Excelsior.

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

5,000 BAGS STAR BRAND WHEAT AND GRASS FERTILIZER for sale this fall. Also a full line of Field, Grass and Clover Seeds.

OUR TRADE IS STEADILY INCREASING. THE MORE GOODS WE sell the better bargains we are able to give. We invite an examination of our stock and prices.

Very Respectfully

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Winston, N. C., July 20th, 1885-tf.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9	Leaves Salem,	6.30 a. m.
" 10	Arrives "	11.25 a. m.
" 11	Leaves "	6.55 p. m.
" 12	Arrives "	1.17 a. m.

—All persons in arrears for the PRESS will please call and settle.

—Press, self-piler, for sale.

☞ Our subscribers who wish to pay their subscription in GOOD WOOD will please deliver it.

—Twenty-five cents for the PRESS till Christmas.

—Weather still cool and frosty.

—Ambrose Sides and family have removed to Mt. Airy.

—Our market is well supplied with cabbage from the mountains.

—Rev. M. J. Hunt is still distributing Bibles to destitute families.

—S. S. Jones, Esq., of Clemmonsvill gave us a friendly business call last week.

—Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving Day. There will be service in all the churches.

—Mrs. Dore and Miss Reed, well known in the colored school here, for a number of years, are now teaching in Christiansburg, Va.

—For ELEGANT JEWELRY, in endless variety, go to BEVAN, the Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—Little Willie screams and storms with a burn on his arm. To little Willie joy is sent, by using Salvation Oil the great liniment.

—There is a great demand for school books. We notice the schools all over the Southern States seem to be in a flourishing condition.

—We are pleased to learn that the farmers of Forsyth, Davidson and surrounding counties, are paying more attention to their farms than formerly.

—Largest Stock of Ladies and Gents Gold and Silver WATCHES, at J. BEVAN, Watchmaker, 55 Main Street, Winston, N. C.

N. W. N. C. Guide Book.

An illustrated edition of this popular pamphlet has just been issued. An appendix notices the late improvements in Salem and Winston. Price 25 cents.

—We were pleased to receive a call from Col. A. S. Buford, President of the Richmond & Danville Railroad, who was attending the meeting of the stockholders of the Midland Railroad, last week.

—The *Academy* for November is an interesting number, as usual. The correspondence department is fuller, and we are pleased to note that its subscription list is considerably on the increase.

NEW POSTMASTERS.—John R. Williams, Jun., Fork Church, Davie County; Lula M. Hampton, Arcadia, Davidson County; J. R. Evans, Enterprise, Davidson County; H. F. Benton, Mt. Nebo, Yadkin County; Allen Chipman, Huntsville, Yadkin County.

Revised Version of the Bible.

A few copies of Harper & Brothers edition of the Revised Version of the Holy Bible. Cloth, $1.50, Library sheep, $2.00.

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—SOLID SILVER SPOONS and TRIPLE PLATED SILVERWARE, at bottom figures, for sale by J. BEVAN, Silversmith, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

SAD.—The *Daily* says: Intelligences reached here this morning that Mr. John Kiser, who lives about five miles from Winston was found dead in a creek. He had with him a gun and a hole was shot through his head. It is supposed he shot himself, but whether accidently or intentionally is unknown.

☞ The Farmer's and Planter's Almanac for 1886, for sale by L. V. & E. T. Blum. It contains the usual Astronomical calculations, State institutions and officers, times of holding the courts, and entertaining, instructive and amusing reading.

— SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Rubber frames, to suit all Eyes, you will find at BEVAN'S, the Optician, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Nov. 7th, 1885:

Ladies.

Mrs. Mary Davis, Miss Ellen Faw, Mrs. Sallie Johnston, Miss Ella Knouse, Mrs. Mollie Kinnamon, Miss J. C. Miller, Miss Mary J. Massey, Miss Emma Peoples, Mrs. Mahaley E. Rominger, Miss Ellen E. Snider, Eliza Starr.

Gentlemen.

H. J. Bodenhamer, W. W. Ballard, Mr. Noey Hines, Mr. J. N. Hutchinson, Mr. Gaither Hazvell, Mr. Jas. L. Moore, Jos. Milliard, Sr., Mr. R. L. Sapp, A. W. Wood.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

— CLOCKS of all kinds and WALKING CANES, at BEVAN'S Jewelry Store, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—The November meeting of the Salem C. L. S. C. will be held in the Chapel adjoining the Moravian Church next Tuesday evening, November 24th, at 7½ o'clock. Friends and well-wishers of this organization and all persons interested in this good work, are invited to attend. The Circle enters upon its third year with increased zeal and enthusiasm, and desires to give another opportunity for the public to become acquainted with the object and the methods of the Chautauqua enterprise. The programme arranged for the evening will consist largely of detached reviews of the proceedings of Chautauqua Assembly during the past summer. Class songs will also be a feature.

—If you want your WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY REPAIRED by skilled workmen, and ENGRAVING and LETTERING done by *practical Engravers*, go to J. BEVAN Watchmaker and Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—Joseph Motsinger, of Davidson county, raised six barns of tobacco this year.

—B. F. and Andrew Beckerdite put away about 75 bushels of apples for winter use.

—The Baptist Orphanage near Thomasville, has received some children already.

—A. T. Delap will close his singing schools at Mount Vernon, Pine Grove and Friedland, all 3 classes meeting at Friedland on the day of their close.

—Franklin Booth, a little boy, in Davidson county, killed a wild turkey with a rock one day last week.

—Protracted meeting commenced at Pleasant Fork on last Sunday. Rev. Thomas Long and others conducting it.

—Many complain that sweet potatoes are rotting badly. It will be well for persons to notice their potatoes, and take every precaution to save them.

—Miss Lula Raper teaches school at Pine Grove this year; and her sister Emma teaches at Shady Grove. they are near enough together to both board in the same family.

—A new tobacco warehouse has just been opened in High Point. The tobacco trade is growing rapidly in High Point, and the weed is bringing good prices there.

During the past year, the churches of the Davidson charge of Methodists, have built an elegant parsonage in Lexington. It is now complete and their pastor can live in comfort.

—Rev. Henry Sheets and family, formerly of Randolph county, have recently moved to Lexington, and will make their home there hereafter. We think the Southern Normal has attracted him to make the change.

—Felix Sink, overseer on the Salem and Lexington road, along by Hopewell, has given his road a working. Other roads should be worked before they become so muddy. If not done in time for them to pack before winter, the mud becomes deep when dirt is thrown in.

—Dr. Siewers with some assistance has performed an operation on Mrs. Ellen Stewart's eyes. She has been in Salem a few weeks. It is not certain what will be the result of the operation, but it is hoped that her sight will be at least partially restored.

—Your correspondent has in his possession an ear of corn that has 26 rows at the large end, 6 of them dropping off in the middle, leaving only 20 rows that extend to the small end. The ear has over 1,200 grains on it.

—On last Monday Jonathan Jones, of Broadbay township, killed 6 hogs the two largest weighed 290 and 295 pounds. The six aggregated 1,546, averaging 257⅔ pounds. William Yekely killed one the same day that weighed 285 pounds.

—B. F. and Andrew Beckerdite raised 350 bushels of corn on ten acres of ground. Their ground was in a good productive condition, and they used fertilizer in the hill on the greater portion of their crop. They also raised a large crop of pumpkins in their corn.

—Mrs. Bailey Pool, of Halifax county, Virginia, daughter of Andrew Sink, of Davidson county, has been on an extended visit to her parents. Mr. Pool, who had remained at home during her visit came to Mr. Sink's on last Friday, and he and his family started home on last Monday.

—We have been asked by several persons, the capacity in shelled corn of different sized cribs. We will give them the following rule: Measure the crib on the inside, and multiply the length in feet by the heighth in feet, and this product by the width in feet. Then multiply the last product by 42, and divide by 100, and you have a near approximation to what the ears will shell out in bushels. A crib 19 feet long, 8 feet high and 5 feet wide on the inside, will shell about 319 bushels. This is the size of George Willard's crib.

—Mr. Pool says that in his section of Virginia, many fields of corn were destroyed by the chinch bugs. A law requiring the rigid protection of birds is badly needed there. The same thing is needed in some parts of Davidson county, for some persons still persist in netting partridges.

—We noticed on last Saturday, that many persons in the direction of Lexington, are cutting down persimmon, hickory and dog wood trees and hauling them to market. They get fair prices for the timber, but persons should not be in a hurry about selling such timber, for it will bring higher prices in the near future.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

A Trip to Ashe County.

There is near the dwelling house of Mr. Horton's a small building, his office, containing two rooms. There is before this cosy office a porch giving one a full view of the Court-house, and of what one might call the square of Wilkesboro. There is a good public well just before the Court-house, as seen from this office. Here we saw the citizens and citizenesses draw water, and we ourselves drew water here—we are well accustomed to use draw wells from much practice on our wanderings—we found the water excellent, and altogether felt like blessing the public spirited person or persons, who may have founded this well. This public well with its good fixtures, is all the more admirable, since the Court-house itself, is by contrast certainly the most neglected building of the kind I have ever set eyes on; it would be a great improvement for it, to take down the many fragments of jealousy frames that keep dangling about some windows—but even this much is not done.

The next day our kind host spent in greatest part in showing us round the neighborhood of Wilkesboro. We first drove out in a southeasterly direction and ascended a fine spur of the Brushy mountains. Through the barnyard of Mr. Carter—where by the way there is a rather fierce dog; we walked up through a cornfield to the highest point of the hill, where the air was saturated with spicy odors from plants growing round about, and from where we could see the full panorama of the Blue Ridge, a length of some 200 miles, rolled out before us, almost around us. Unfortunately the day was rather hazy; the intense, deep blueness of the Ridge, from which it justly takes its name, and which on other days we have observed abundantly, did not come out to-day. Still the whole scenery was wonderfully beautiful and exhilerating. The fact is, that a slight mistiness often makes mountain scenery most impressive—it seems to increase the distances and makes the forms beheld, more gigantic. From this mountain spur,—I would call it a regular head-land or promontory, if the sea were around it we traveled in an almost westerly direction, through dense woods, on steep and rugged roads for some 3 or 4 miles, I should think, till we came to the place called Moravian Falls. If the tantalizing thought, that Salem originally might and ought to have been built, where Wilkesboro now stands, and that it would have been built there, but for some incomprehensible blundering of our good forefathers, had not been present with us in our minds all along, the name of this place would certainly have induced it. Moravian Falls in the first place is really a waterfall. A creek, a regular strong mountain creek, comes leaping and tumbling down over two immense, slanting banks or ledges of hard black rock. An old large two story water mill is standing here, there are two big waterwheels, one right below the other, only the upper one is yet in a fit condition to go,—the whole mill seems to be inclined, as it has seen the water by its side doing for upwards of 100 years I suppose, to tumble down over these romantic rockslides. In the next place Moravian Falls is also a village, which has sprung up nearby, and what is more, evidently a thriving village, a progressing village. There is an Academy there for boys and girls, which is said to be a fine educational establishment—the building is certainly fine and appropriate, and new buildings are going up round about. In the afternoon we drove a goodly distance up the river. The valley of the Yadkin is certainly a wonderfully fruitful and pleasing streak on the face of this broad country. Here there would be corn and all kinds of cereals in greatest plenty, wealth might pour in—nevertheless the people hereabout are not wealthy, I understand, only they live very comfortably. The reason is that there are no Railroad facilities, and no proper means of communication, but this is an old story and a long story—better let us leave it alone.

One event I would still mention which happened on this very day, some 5,000 miles away, an event of whose occurrence of course I did not know at the time, but when weeks afterwards I read of it, I compared the dates, and found that it happened on this day which I spent at and about Wilkesboro. It was the death of Bro. S. Hark, at Niesky in Germany, my old home place. In my wanderings through life, I had met this brother again and again, after we had started in life very much alike and had traveled in many respects a similar road in our lives. I have always respected him highly and esteemed both his abilities and his character. I have also—must I say it? in my inmost heart deeply sympathized with him and felt for him, now all his toils are ended, now all his wandering ceased!

We intend to continue our journey early on the morrow. A heavy rain began pouring down this evening and kept on pretty much the night through. From later accounts I found that this rain was very general in North Carolina, may be over the whole Atlantic slope. The new day broke, it looked gloomy, lowering, threatening. We took the road over the new iron bridge; the gate fortunately not locked. On the other side for a mile or two, we had to go through fields and along ditches, then on uncertain roads, which were half roads, half gulleys, in the midst of dense woods, at last we struck a proper road, which after a mile or two took us into the regular Jefferson road. We had chosen this road over the iron bridge chiefly to avoid the ford one mile higher up the river. Though rain was threatening all the while, yet it never came today. When about 6 or 8 miles from Wilkesboro, we came upon the Reddis River along which we kept traveling for the rest of the day, following it up to where it comes forth from its mountain fastnesses. Now began for us that oft repeated crossing and recrossing of this stream. Here at once we had come to a regular pronounced large loop of the River, so that we had to cross twice in short succession. In the centre of this loop lies the house of a certain old man Whittington—one of the many that bear this same name in these parts. Whether they are descendants of the well known Lord Mayor of London, who made the name famous, I cannot tell. The contrivance used on this River instead of foot logs is peculiar. The river is too broad for a single log so there are placed two so called benches reaching from both banks till near the middle. Over the left open piece of about 8 feet, is placed a separate plank, which is generally chained down. This makes a pleasant and romantic mode of crossing. At one of the crossings I had nearly come to grief. The planks were evidently old and rotting and my great weight was too much for them. I should no doubt have broken through, had not a friendly neighbor, some Whittington, I am sure, who witnessed my dilemma, quickly come to hand with a fence rail, thereby leveling up the plank that was woefully crecking, till I had safely passed. As the day advanced we came to parts where the river was perceptibly smaller, and the mountains came to be quite near at hand. The country seemed to be quite level to the very foot of the mountains, evidently a large old lake, which the waters have filled up with sediment ages and ages ago. Some meals that we made on our journey to-day from provisions taken along from Wilkesboro, formed our luncheon and dinner. We took the first of these meals sitting on the roots of a tree standing at a high point of the road, and the next sitting on fence rails along fruitful meadows. How beautiful does such a meal taste in open nature! We were now surrounded by mountains, yet still a few miles distant from the place for which we steered and which is known all over as the house lying at the foot of the Blue Ridge. A man by the name of Culvard lives here. We arrived in good time in the afternoon at his house, and leaving our light luggage on the porch, went before supper for a few hours on an exploring expedition up a beautiful dark and rocky mountain glen, which takes its beginning right behind the house.

[*To be continued.*]

MAD MULE.—The community at Shore, Yadkin County, has again been wonderfully stirred up through excitement for several days past, on the renewal of the mad dog question. They are just now beginning to realize more fully the truthfulness and danger of the mad dog rage so prevalent in this section a short time since. One day last week, Mr. Wm. H. Speas started to Winston with 2 fine young mules hitched to a wagon, and all the way down, one of them was very fretful—continually biting at the other and showing signs of hydrophobia. When he started homeward it kept growing worse and more unmanagable, until Mr. Speas was compelled to put in another horse to get home and tied the mad mule to the wagon behind; before they had arrived at the river it became so enraged, biting the spokes at times completely locking the wheel, and breaking out his teeth, that a gun was procured and the enraged mule shot dead. It was supposed to have been bitten by a dog of Mr. Speas' which run mad nearly three weeks ago and was put in an adjoining stable to control him. Fears are now entertained that the other mule will be likewise affected from being bitten by No. 1. One of their dogs having a fit on Thursday morning, 4 of them was shot down in rapid succession, clearing the hill. We trust this will be the end.

EGO.

Shore, N. C., Nov. 9th, 1885.

—*Reuublican.*

Winston-Salem Chamber of Commerce

The Chamber of Commerce met in the Armory of the Forsyth Riflemen, Winston, Monday evening, the 9th inst. Mr. J. M Rogers was called to the chair and Willis E. Hall, Esq., requested to act as Secretary. Mr. Morris, chairman Committee of the Tobacco Association, reported that the Association declined to join the organization as a body, but the Association passed resolutions of sympathy with the movement and urged its individual members to join. Mr. Joe Stockton reported from Committee to Merchants, but no definite action thereon was had. On motion of Mr. J. W. Fries, the Secretary read the Constitution by articles which were considered and amended in many particulars. Among other things the initiation fee was reduced to $6. Finally a call was made for membership under the present alterations of the Constitution, when about 20 firms signified a willingness to join.—*Daily.*

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

From the Lexington Dispatch.

—C. L. Hege has returned home and given up his position with the Richmond & Danville railroad company.

—Rich Fork Baptist church, near Thomasville, is nearly completed. It was occupied by the Sunday School two weeks ago. The school, we understand is in a flourishing condition; about 80 scholars being enrolled.

—Joseph Crouse, a well known citizen of Silver Hill Township, died suddenly at his home last week He was at work in the field all day, and when he ate his supper, he was apparently in good health. While sitting before the fire, he fell from his chair, and died within a few minutes after being laid on a bed. He was about sixty-five years old.

—Charles T. Crotts, a young man who was in the employment of R. I. Cecil, was killed by a wagon load of logs turning over on him. He was taking a load of logs to mill, following Whitt Spurgeon, who was just ahead of him. After Spurgeon had been at the mill some time he went back to look for Crotts, and found him on the ground dead, with the wagon turned over and a log on his breast.

NEW GOODS.

Having taken advantage of the recently cut prices and extraordinary discounts offered by New York, we have purchased the best stock of goods, we have ever had and are now offering special inducement in Flannels, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Notions, Gloves, Merino Underwear, Hoods, Jerseys, Cloaks, Wraps, Shawls, Merino Hosiery, Shoes and hundreds of other things. We respectfully ask the Ladies to come and examine our goods and prices.

Very Truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Oct 28th, 1885.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, William Strupe, of Bethania, JOHN PFAFF to Miss SALLY STRUPE.

In this place, on Thursday last, 12th inst., by Elder Wm. Turner, EMELIUS R. BREWER to Miss ROSA R. THARP.

At the residence of H. E. Shore, the same officiating, on the evening of Oct. 29th, LEE RANDLEMAN to Miss PAULINA DAVIS, all of Yadkin county.

DIED.

In Winston, on Monday last, Mrs. ANNIE B. DURHAM, aged 19 years.

On the 8th inst., HENRY AUGUSTUS, infant child of Ellis W. and Clara A. Hauser, aged 10 months and 16 days. May the bereaved parents find comfort in the words of our Savior, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God."

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$1 60 to 1 25
Corn, per bushel,	50 to 60
Oats, " "	00 to 50
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bushel,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 50 to 3 00
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 90
Peas, (white,) " "	1 00 to 00
Beans (col'd) " "	00 to 75
Beans (white) " "	1 50 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 90
Pork,	7 to 8
Lard,	9 to 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	00 to 00
" Hams,	00 to 00
Green Apples, per bushel	0 50 to 0 60
Eggs,	10 to 00
Butter, per pound,	15 to 25
Tallow, " "	5 to 00
Beeswax, " "	00 to 22
Flax Seed, per bushel,	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	40 to 50
Potatoes, sweet, " "	30 to 00
Cabbage, per pound,	2 to 0 03
Chickens,	13 to 18
Hay	38 to 50

Winston Tobacco Market

Lugs Common Green,	3 00 to 4 00
" Bright,	7 00 to 8 00
" Good,	8 00 to 10 00
" Fine,	11 00 to 12 00
Fillers, Common,	7 00 to 9 00
" Good,	8 00 to 12 00
" Fine,	10 00 to 15 00
Wrappers, Common,	16 00 to 18 00
" Good,	20 00 to 25 00
" Fine,	28 00 to 30 00
" Fancy,	50 00 to 65 00
Leaf, common,	4 00 to 5 50

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries, pitted,	8 cents
Damson, Plums,	5 cents
Whortleberries,	7 cents
Blackberries,	6 cents
Quarter Apples,	3 cents
Sliced Apples, common,	4 cents
Sliced Agples, bright,	2 cents
Sliced Apples, fancy,	3 cents
Dark Peeled Peaches,	1 cents
Bright " "	4 to 5 cents
Fancy " "	7 cents
Quarter unpeeled,	3 cents
Halves "	4 cents

North Carolina, WILKES COUNTY — Special Proceeding.

Francis Hendrix vs. M. C. Hendrix, Lowery Hendrix and others. — Petition for Dower.

Flora Hodges and Charles Hodges, Defendants in the above entitled action, are hereby notified to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, at his office in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 15th day of December, 1885, and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff filed in this action.

Witness my hand and official seal on this the 28th day of October, 1885.

I. S. CALL, C. S. C.
By E. O. MASTIN, D. C.

Cranor & Finley, Attorney for Plaintiff.

North Carolina, WILKES COUNTY. — In Superior Court Special Proceeding.

James H. Johnson and wife D. A. Johnson, against Mary Anderson, Wesley A. Anderson and others. — Petition to sell land for Partition.

Wesley A. Anderson, one of the defendants named in the above entitled action, is hereby required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, at his office in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 25th day of November, 1885, and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff filed in the above entitled action.

Witness my hand and seal of said court, at office in Wilkesboro, N. C., Oct. 10, 1885.

I. S. CALL, C. S. C.
By E. O. MASTEN, D. C.

John S. Cranor, Att'y for Pl'ffs.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

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for the fall of '85 embracing everything novel, new and attractive in the way of fabric and make-up manufactured in this county. We do not confine ourselves to any exclusive class of patrons, but cater to the taste of the general run of mankind.

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BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

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RALEIGH, N. C.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to cut down or remove any trees or wood from our premises in South Fork township without our permission, under penalty of the law.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Forsyth County, N. C., Sept. 18, 1883

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C.

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A FISH THAT WAS A FOWL

PIGEON AND CAT CONTENTED IN THE SAME NEST.

Convicts' Canary Birds—A Queer Marine Partnership—A Profitable Old Georgia Hen.

"I don't care whether ye believe this yarn I'm goin' to tell ye or not," said Hiram, a fisherman from the backwoods of Maine to his companion, an Indian, "but it's true, an' with me truth is like the stump of a back tooth—it must come out. You know, Nichols, where the old farm road from Greenville to Dexter crosses the bridge at Spectacle pond?"

"Me know," said the Indian, scarcely raising his eyes from the fire.

"Waal, I was guiding for Dr. L— and Squire B— one day in that region, which happened, by the way, to be a pet fishin' ground o' their'n. As we were gittin' along to the bridge, the doctor, all of a sudden, says to the squire:

"'If you've no objection, Rufe, I'll step ahead of you and cast my flies under that bridge, for ten to one I'll strike a big fish, as I saw some fine trout here the other day.'

"The squire told him to go by all means, but to have some mercy for the sport of other people an' not to altogether clean the brook. Reachin' the spot the doctor made a dozen or so wild casts, but at last succeeded in landing his flies under the bridge, when he took a seat on a projectin' beam an' let the current sweep 'em out. Quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson I heard a shout, the doctor's rod amost bent double, and he began reelin' in for dear life.

"'I've got him! I've got him! Come quick! He's the biggest fellow I ever hooked!'

"Grabin' the landin' net I ran over the bank to help him. It looked for all the world as if he'd ketched a shark, but as soon as I'd reached the other side an' saw the game a-flappin' on the surface I gave a shout that almost blew me to pieces.

"What d'ye guess had hold o' the old fellow's line? Why, nothing less than an old Shanghai rooster!

"I tell you what, so long as he lives the doctor'll never forgit that bite!"

Master Frank Rodenberg, of South St. Louis, is a genuine lover of pigeons. Recently his favorite pair of "blowers" began hatching, and Frank naturally awaited the result with keen interest. One day his attention was attracted by a peculiar sound issuing from the pigeon loft, and, immediately concluding that the young pigeons had made their appearance, Frank hastened upstairs to investigate. Cautiously peering into the box he beheld instead that which sent a cold chill through his entire frame. Snugly ensconced in the box and occupying three fouths of the narrow apartments lay a strange old cat with two newly-born kittens, while the old "blower" sat contentedly hatching and seemingly obvious of the proximity of his most deadly enemy. The female pigeon was serenely perched on the back of her feline friend, which seemed not in the least disconcerted at her familiarity. The pigeons and cats continued in their strange and unnatural relation until the arrival of the young pigeons, when Frank deemed it advisable to remove the felines to other and more comfortable quarters.

"Canary birds are allowed the prisoners, and although I had none myself I had a companion for seven months who had eight," says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*. "This man had been a professional 'crook' for twenty years, but was at last tripped up and caught. He had served about three years of his sentence when the runner sold him a bird. He trained it to do almost anything and would talk to it by the hour. When breeding season came he bought a mate for it and raised sixteen young ones during the season. Of these he was as proud as any father could be of his first-born, and he was continually doing something for them. He built a number of large cages, and planted bird-seeds around a trough which he had placed around the base of the cages. When these seeds sprouted and got about three inches high he would let the birds out to peck at them, and it was very amusing to see them play tag and exhibit the other little accomplishments acquired under his tuition. When one of the birds died it almost broke the poor fellow's heart, and, as he said himself, he felt worse than if he had lost a friend."

One of the most interesting examples of partnership among animals is that of the hermit crab, which seems to have a perfect understanding with a sea anemone that fastens itself upon its shell and shares the food the crab may capture. This might be considered an accidental occurance were it not that the crab proves its friendship by assisting the anemone to move to its new shell, when, by reason of its growth, the crab has to change its quarters; and if the anemone is not satisfied with one shell the crab tries others until its friend is suited.

Mr. J. W. Granade, of Rockdale, Ga., has an old hen that is now fifteen years old. It is estimated that she has laid 2,000 eggs and raised over 600 chickens. She now has a brood of chickens following her, and promises to live many years yet. If the surplus eggs had been sold at ten cents a dozen they would have brought $90, and the chickens at fifteen cents apiece would have amounted to $90, making a total of $180.

A Scared Duke.

A London letter tells this queer story of the Chester shops: It has just leaked out that the Duke of Edinburgh recently visited incognito an antique furniture shop in Chester, where he noticed a handsome arm-chair and offered to buy it. The dealer invited the duke to sit in the chair for a few moments, and he complied with the request. The duke had no sooner got fairly seated than the dealer released a number of concealed springs, which pinned the sitter to the chair. In vain did he struggle to release himself. Becoming alarmed at his situation, and fearing that it was a plot of the invincibles to murder him, he shouted lustily for help. The dealer only grinned at the labors and cries of his customer, and at length the duke proclaimed his identity. The dealer thought he was only trying to frighten him, but the police soon arrived in answer to his royal highness's yells and confirmed his assertion. The dealer then released his victim and apologized.

Good Use of the Money.

I heard a story the other day of the early history of Miss Ransom, an artist in this city, writes a Washington correspondent. She is the painter of the portrait of General Thomas which has been before Congress for so many years. She was born in Ohio. She was a great friend in early life of Mrs. Garfield. Miss Ransom became engaged during her residence in Ohio to one of the wealthy citizens of the little town where she was brought up. He was an eccentric property owner, given to whims and caprice. He broke the engagement without any good reason, and Miss Ransom sued him for breach of promise. She obtained a verdict of $10,000. This money she used to educate herself as an artist. She went to Europe and remained for some years. When she returned she established her studio here, and at present occupies a very successful position as a portrait painter.

The United States and Territories, if as densely population as Saxony, would have a population equal to the present population of the world.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Pear Blight.

The subject of pear blight is one that interests every owner of a pear tree. This prevalent disease has wholly falsified the old saying, "Who plants pears, works for his heirs," for he who plants this fruit now finds his trees and his hopes both blighted very early. But the close observation and study of pomologists and microscopists are beginning to bear fruit, and promise soon to find a way to check or evade this fatal disorder. It has been observed that the disease attacks the trees at the flowers, from which it spreads to the fruit spurs and thence to the branches. The immediate cutting away of these diseased parts (and we would suggest the immediate protection of the wounded wood by a covering of varnish or liquid grafting wax) stops the infection and prevents further growth. It not only destroys the disease germs, (that is, if they are carefully burned, as they should be), but it prevents further infection, because there are no more vulnerable spots where other germs floating about in the air seeking favorable opportunities for sowing themselves can find resting places.

This behavior of pear blight has been made a text for one of the bulletins of the New York experiment station; and, after stating the facts which have been observed, Professor Arthur, of the station, concludes as follows:

"These are the facts. They explain the phenomena of pear blight in this way: The disease is due to living germs. These germs can live and multiply indefinitely in any damp spot where there is decomposing vegetable matter. From such places they are raised into the air when dry, or carried up by moisture. From the air they lodge upon the trees, and when the conditions are favorable pass into the tissues and cause the blight. The conditions referred to are in general (1) very tender tissues, such as are found within the flowers and at the ends of expanding shoots, and (2) a moist atmosphere. No varieties are entirely blightproof, but the disease spreads so slowly in some that they receive little injury, especially when not making too rapid growth. The reason why the blight, when seen in July and later, does not pass directly from one limb to another, or from one tree to another, is because, in the first place the germs cannot escape, being confined by the bark, or else escape in a viscid exudation which holds them firmly together, and in the second place there are very few places on the tree at this time of the year where the surface tissues are sufficiently tender for them to find an entrance. Does not all this suggest some thoughts regarding preventives and remedies? Do not force the trees into too rapid growth by heavy fertilizing or otherwise. Place no confidence in sulphur, lime, or washes, and applications of any sort. Promptly remove every trace of the disease a foot or more below the lowest spot where it shows, and burn the branches."

There is no reason why we should refuse to plant pears. There are some varieties which seems to be blight-proof. In the writer's orchard Clapp's Favorite, Seckel, Tyson, Manning's Elizabeth, Lawrence, Beurre d'Anjou, Bonne de Jersey, and Gansell's Bergamont, all excellent varieties, and giving a considerable range of season, have never shown any inclination to blight, while Bonssock and Bartlett have been wholly destroyed by it; yet the infection has not spread to the others varieties grown all around and among the rows of Bartletts. —*New York Times.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Potato blight occurs most frequently in warm, moist weather.

The ice-water remedy for cabbage worms has been pronounced a failure.

Remedies for blight in pear trees and yellows in peaches would be great boons.

Prospects are that there will be less than an average crop of onions this season.

Honey should be kept in the dark or it will granulate; the bees work in dark hives.

Most old orchards need manure, and the time to apply it is late in the summer or in the fall.

Some of the best sorts of pears rot at the core if left on the tree until the fruit begins to turn.

Many horses have a habit of sleeping standing; it is not a good one, and horses should be broken of it, if possible.

Trees on the outside of an orchard are usually more prolific, there is more sunlight and air, and the roots have a freer range.

One of the principal advantages of fall transplanting of trees is that it is a season of greater leisure to the farmer than the spring.

Putting fancy cattle into condition for competition at fairs often results in weakened constitutions. It has been carried to excess.

Many English farmers practice shearing their early lambs in midsummer, and claim that a greater growth of carcass is obtained thereby.

Churning sweet cream is not considered a good method by many leading authorities—the better plan being to allow the cream to ripen somewhat.

More attention should be paid to teaching young horses to walk fast than is done. A fast walking horse is a desideratum not often met with.

Potatoes dug in clear weather and thoroughly dried in the sun, will keep in much better condition in the bins than those that have not been sundried.

Several years since a gardener discovered that by planting his squash seeds in earth that had a layer of coal ashes above and below it the vines were not molested by cut worms.

It would seem that there is a certain amount of acidity in ensilage which must produce an effect upon the stock fed upon it. If the acidity is in excess, the benefit cannot be beneficial.

Many fruit growers think that alternate rows of pine and fruit trees prevent the moth and other insects destructive to fruit. The strong odor from the pine is obnoxious to insects of certain kinds.

Experiments at the Agricultural school of St. Remy, France, as between cold water and water warmed to 113 degrees Fahrenheit, supplied to milch cows, is recorded to have made a difference of one-third more milk in favor of the warm water. The difference seems excessive, but yet not unwarrantable.

Cleanly cared for milk, an even, rather low temperature for the dairy-room, churning when the cream is ripe (not too sour), light salting (no crystals of salt in the butter), not too much working, and attractive packages will always command the highest price in the market if the cows have been fed on well-flavored food.—*Dairy World.*

How to procure green food for poultry in winter is thus explained by Mr. James Rankin, South Easton, Mass. He sows a piece of rye in August quite thickly, and by fertilizing freely he gets it eighteen inches high—a mass of green vegetation. When frozen solid, and before the snow covers it, he cuts and packs it away in an outhouse where it remains frozen till needed. Every day or two in winter he exposes a portion of this to the warm air until thawed, and then chops it fine for his hens. A free use of this green food alternately with boiled potatoes, cabbage and refuse gives healthy fowls and an abundance of eggs.

Farmers who have cows and do their own dairying, and who at the same time keep hens, should know that there is nothing better for hens, and that tends to encourage their laying, than plenty of skimmed milk to drink; if it is clabbered it is none the worse. The advantage of this kind of feeding was illustrated by a comparison of notes of two neighbors—one was selling eggs all the time, while the other obtained but few. It was found that both were feeding exactly alike, with the single exception that one was feeding a pailful of skimmed milk, and as a consequence was receiving the eggs. Curded milk is also good for young chickens.

Charcoal is an antiseptic, and may often be taken as a medicine with much benefit, to relieve the stomach from excess of acid and to promote digestion. It is a mistake to suppose that birds and animals in a state of nature cannot procure charcoal and would not use it if they could. Fires occur in the wilderness every season and charred trees are of common occurrence. Deer and birds eat this charcoal very freely, and pigs roaming the woods are eager for it. When charcoal is not attainable rotten wood is eaten as a substitute. So that it is natural for animals to have charcoal supplied to them, and for poultry it is a good plan to give them wood ashes from which they will pick the charcoal, or to char an ear of corn in the oven for them now and then. Pigs should have all the charcoal they will eat; it is an antidote to sour stomach and all intestinal diseases.

Recipes.

EGGS WITH BROWN BUTTER.—Break four eggs separated into a cup; brown two ounces of butter in a frying-pan; add the eggs gently to the butter, and with a spoon pour the butter over them; toast four slices of bread, placing them in the oven instead of before the fire; sprinkle warm vinegar over the toast; add the eggs to the toast; on top of each sprinkle a little salt and nutmeg, and serve.

BUTTER BEANS, ONION SAUCE.—Rub one large boiled onion through a sieve. Take two ounces of butter, divide it into little balls, roll them in flour; put half an ounce in a small stewpan, and when it begins to melt, whisk it rapidly to a cream, add another butter ball and whisk until it assimulates with the first; continue adding the butter in this way until all is used, then whisk in the onion pulp; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a dash of cayenne and pour the sauce over a quart of boiled butter beans.

STUFFED EGGS.—Work four ounces of boiled or potted ham to a smooth paste; add a pinch of cayenne and a teaspoonful of anchovy paste. Hard-boil six eggs, when cold remove the shells; cut a thin slice off the large ends of each; take out the yolks, and put them in a mortar with third of their bulk of table butter, a little salt and nutmeg; add the ham and very little hot soup or water; beat it gently; press the paste into the empty whites; arrange neatly on a dish; small end upward; garnish liberally to hide the lower end, and serve.

RICE SOUP, TURKISH STYLE.—Soak a pint of rice one hour and wash it well. Boil four quarts of water, add a teaspoonful of salt and the rice; boil rapidly ten minutes and drain. Put the rice in a stewpan and add a quart of clear soup stock and a saltspoonful of saffron. simmer until the stock is absorbed and put the rice in a greased mold to form. Prepare an ordinary mutton soup and serve it in a turcen; remove the rice from the mold and serve to table with the soup. [Saffron is an excellent condiment, and should be better known among Americans.]

CLEAR OXTAIL SOUP.—Cut into joints two oxtails; parboil them five minutes, drain. Put into a saucepan a tablespoonful of minced fat ham, one medium onion minced, two young carrots shredded, two whole cloves, four whole pepper corns, broken, a blade of thyme, half a teaspoonful of salt, a leaf of celery and half a pint of hot water, or if possible soup stock; add the pieces of tails and simmer until the liquid is reduced to a thick glaze, then add two quarts of hot water or stock, cover and simmer half an hour, and add a gill of sherry; strain through a cloth and clarify as follows: Mince half a pound of lean beef, add the whites of two eggs, season with salt and pepper; when the soup is lukewarm add the latter mixture and place on back of range to come to a simmer gradually. Strain the soup by scalding a towel, wring it out, place it over a saucepan and over this place a fine sieve; dip out the soup and pour it through the sieve. When quite clear pour it into a hot turreen and serve. The oxtails may be served as the next course or made into an entree. They are quite acceptable as a curry.—*New York Cook.*

How a Senator Cut his Hand.

An ex-Senator and friend were riding with me in the Fourteenth street car, writes a Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, when we passed the big brownstone house of General Bob Schenck, which faces the statue of General Thomas, when the Senator, opening his hand, showed a great scar running from the base of the forefinger clear across the palm. "Do you see that scar?" said he. "Well, I got that scar in Bob Schenck's house over there." Then, noting our look of surprise, he continued: "You needn't be so astonished. There was no quarrel, though Schenck is a brave fellow and would fight at the drop of a hat. I was calling at the house one night, and was talking with Mrs. Schenck, when she showed me a very fine Damascus dagger. After I had admired it she laid it down on the table by my side. Shortly after this she went out to call Mr. Schenck. While she was out of the room I picked up the dagger and began to pull it out. When I had it nearly out of the sheath I thought I heard some one coming, and hurriedly pushed it back in again. In doing so I cut my hand to the bone, and the blood rushed forth in a stream. I mopped it up with two handkerchiefs which I had in my pocket, and when General Schenck entered it was still bleeding. I got him to tie up my hand. Since that time I have kept my hands out of other people's furniture while I have been calling." Speaking of Schenck reminds me of a funny story I heard the other day about the remark of an old white-haired lady of Dayton when she heard of his appointment as minister. The old lady said: "Well, it does beat all. The idea of that wicked little white-haired rascal becoming converted and turning minister! The grace of our Lord is mighty powerful, sure."

An Acrobatic Spider.

I have long been familiar with the pretty and active hunting spiders. I have often seen them sidle curiously toward a fly, leap upon it and have a sharp tussle with it before it succumbed to the venomed fangs. Window sills, especially when facing southward, are happy hunting grounds for this spider. I had often seen spider and fly tumble together off the window sill, and presently the spider returns still clasping his prey. It had saved itself from falling to the ground by spinning a thread as it rolled off the sill, and was able to regain its position by climbing up the thread. But until lately I had never seen it leap from a perpendicular wall, and to all appearances fly back again. The thread affords the means whereby this remarkable feat is performed. It is extremely elastic, and when the spider has reached the end of its leap the thread contracts and jerks again just as a child throws a ball away from him and draws it back to his hand by an india rubber thread which is attached to it.—*Longman's Magazine.*

The prominent sheep raisers in Tennessee have resolved to abandon the business, owing to the want of a dog law, asserting that 300,000 sheep cannot be maintained against 500,000 dogs.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It has been discovered that heaps of unripe rice soon undergo a process of fermentation which is said to give the grain a delicious flavor.

The director of the Buda-Pesth bureau of statistics, Josef Korosi, has calculated from carefully prepared mortality tables that the possession of wealth, and the resulting exemption from privation, lengthens the average life nearly ten years.

From statistics collected in the abattoirs of Munich and Augsburg, Strauss has found that not more than one calf in 100,000 is consumptive. The danger of conveying consumption with vaccine obtained from these animals, is, therefore, slight.

A new sugar is now obtained from the seeds of Laurus persea, a tree growing in the tropics. This sugar has, on previous occasions, been noticed by chemists, but was supposed by them to be mannite. It is extracted by boiling alcohol, from which it crystallizes on cooling.

Dr. Konig has figured it out that the average workman engaged in manual labor requires twenty-two ounces of solid food daily, to consist of four ounces of albumen, two ounces of fat and sixteen ounces of starch. Albumen is found in meats, eggs, fish, and some vegetables, while potatoes, rice and the various grains afford the starchy element of foods.

The simplest and best test for glucose in sugar is to place a little of it under the low power of a microscope. Magnifying forty times is quite sufficient, and less will do. Cane sugar under this power is distinctly and beautifully crystalline, and each crystal looks like rock candy. They are clear, bright and beautiful. Glucose, on the other hand, has a dull, opaque appearance, like a lump of tallow. Once seen, it will be easily known ever after.

It seems that, from a scientific point of view, perfectly clean hands are an impossibility. In the *Gazzetta Medica Italiana* Dr. Forster says that after the most diligent washings and brushings with soap and water and rinsing with carbolic acid and other disinfectants, the hands remained so impure that upon touching the fingers to sterilized gelatine microorganisms were rapidly developed. The doctor found, indeed, that on rinsing the hands with a solution of one to 1,000 of corrosive sublimate they became "scientifically cleansed" for the time, but that in wiping them upon a towel not previously disinfected they returned to their sad condition of uncleanliness.

A German technical journal states that woolen fabrics treated according to the following simple method will be found to be proof against shrinking, and will also retain their color unchanged. The fabrics are first soaked for several hours in a warm, moderately concentrated solution of soda, to which about half a tumbler of ammonia water has been added, more or less, according to the quantity of material treated. After the addition of some warm water, the fabrics are washed out and then rinsed in fresh water. The same result may be attained by adding a tumbierful of ammonia water to a small tub of water, soaking the stuffs for half an hour in this and finally rinsing them in a pure water.

In a Washington Lunch-Room.

The "Alderney dairy" is the most interesting of the scores of cheap lunch-rooms at Washington, writes a correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*. In it at noon you will find cabinet officers, department clerks, leading bankers and pretty female counters from the treasury across the way. All of them standing or sitting with a big shaving mug of coffee or milk in one hand and a biscuit or piece of pie in the other, munching away, while they chat between the bites with the old friends whom they meet here as regularly as the days go round. It is a queer place, and I don't believe there is one like it anywhere in the world. Imagine a long, narrow room, with a high ceiling like that of a bank vault, and at the back a polished oak counter running entirely across it. The door is of dark shellac, and a long strip of carpet runs from the door to the milk bar. Along the walls are comfortable wicker chairs, and above them hang many pictures of country scenes, and between each of these a short-horned Alderney cow in papier-mache has stuck her head and part of her neck through the finely-papered wall. There are, perhaps, two-score of these heads, and they look at you from everywhere. Back of the milk bar, at the right-hand corner, is one of those nickel barrels full of French drip coffee, and in the centre a number of faucets which will pour forth for you milk, cream, half-and-half, or buttermilk on the showing of a dime. On bracket shelves at either end of the bar are tongue and ham sandwiches, and little round fat biscuits both buttered and unbuttered. Attached to each basket is the price of the article upon it, and I see that plain biscuits cost one cent apiece, while those with butter on cost two. Sandwiches are five cents, and pie turnovers the same. A full mug of coffee, holding nearly as much as the big beer mugs which they use at the Hoffbrauhaus at Munich, is worth ten cents, and half mugs, about twice the size of the ordinary coffee cup, are worth five cents. There are no tables in this room, and you must hold your mug of coffee while drinking it. The little shallow green bowls of white lump sugar are fastened to the walls near the bar, and each customer helps himself with the silver sugar tongs which lies on the top of them. It is wonderful how many prominent men eat at this dairy. Secretary Folger's lips have often kissed these coffee mugs. Judge Shellabarger, the great Washington lawyer, gulps down huge drafts of milk here every day.

Suppressing Mutiny.

William H. Lytle, the author of the poem, "The death of Antony," that begins "I am dying, Egypt, dying," was the man for mutineers. At one time during the war I was sent under his command with several pieces of light artillery, among them two or three howitzers, in a brigade that went out on a raid some place near Shelbyville in Tennessee. When we started out the wagons were used to carry the soldiers' knapsacks, etc., and when we had gathered together what forage we wanted, the wagons had to be used to carry it. Of course the soldiers then had to carry their baggage, and when the order was given to do this, one regiment refused to obey, and said they would not touch their knapsacks. Colonel Lytle marched the men over to where the knapsacks were, and again ordered the men to take them up. Again they refused. I was stationed on a little eminence a short distance away, and presently here came Colonel Lytle galloping over to me, with his sabre out and his eyes flashing.

Captain Edgarton," said he, "will you let me have those howitzers?"

"Certainly," I answered, and gave the order for the guns to move.

Coming over right in front of the mutineers, Colonel Lytle gave the order, "Attention! load with cannister! Take aim!"—and then in an undertone bidding the gunners await in readiness the word "fire," spoke to the mutineers, saying: "Take up your knapsacks, or I'll wipe you off the face of the earth!" Not a man in the regiment moved, and Lytle waited fully a minute. "Now," said Lytle, "I'll give you one minute to pick up those knapsacks!" Slowly, first one and then another, and then a third, picked up his knapsack, and before the minute was up there was not a piece of baggage on the ground.—*St. Louis Republican.*

UNCLE SAM'S TREASURE.

HOW LARGE SUMS ARE CARRIED FROM ONE CITY TO ANOTHER.

Millions Conveyed in Satchels—Messengers Prepared to Repel Robbers—Attacks on Treasure Trains.

A United States treasury employe said to a Washington *Star* reporter: Of course the department has to be very mysterious about the movements of money. When a big transfer is contemplated, it is always kept a profound secret, and many millions of dollars have been taken in and out of the treasury without anybody's knowing about it until it was all over. It is kept a secret even from the employes in the department, except those who are selected to take charge of the transfer. And it isn't a very delightful thing to be selected for this trust. I have known men to become so nervous when they had the responsibility on their minds, that they couldn't sleep at night, or if they slept, they would dream of highwaymen and road agents chasing them through dark woods or along narrow mountain paths. Burglars and footpads sat upon their bedposts at night. I know of one case in particular where a man had been making several trips with large sums of money, one after another, and he was affected in this way. The men selected for such duty are not generally as nervous as that, however.

"The great bulk of the money transferred from one depository to another," continued the treasury man, "has been shut in iron safes by Adams Express company. But there have been occasions when large sums of money have been sent by private messenger. Three or four trusted men, whose courage and promptitude could be relied upon, have been furnished with traveling bags and sent off with millions of bonds or greenbacks. They have generally traveled at night. Fortified with good revolvers in their hip pockets, they have taken their handbags and gone to the depot in quite an ordinary sort of way, taken a sleeper and gone on their journey without awakening the least suspicion of the great wealth they carried. During the funding period this was done a great deal. Millions of dollars in bonds were carried to New York in this way. The men selected for the duty would take a sleeper for New York, carrying a million dollars or more in a satchel. They would arrive at New York in the morning and go to the Astor House like ordinary travelers, and stay there until the sub-treasury was opened. Then they would go there and deposit their bonds and get the old bonds in the place of them. It was always a relief when they got safe inside the sub-treasury, for the responsibility was very great. On the return the risk was not so great, as the old bonds were canceled before leaving the sub-treasury. When the Lewis will case was decided in favor of the United States, by which the government got about a million dollars in bonds, a treasury official went over to New Jersey after the bonds and brought them to the treasury at Washington in his traveling bag. Lewis, you know, was an eccentric New Jersey gentleman who left a large fortune to the United States to help pay off the public debt.

"Special messengers have frequently been employed to carry money way out West, where they had to travel by stage over wild plains and mountains. They never had to carry so much money, but it was more perilous. In 1871 a high treasury official carried $500,000 to Carson City and Santa Fe, traveling through that wild country in a stage coach. These trips are dangerous enough to be romantic, and you may be sure the government didn't notify the 'road agents' to be on hand. That same year a party of six took $3,000,000 in greenbacks to San Francisco and brought back the same amount in gold. The year before they took about the same amount. Special trains were employed on these occasions, but the transfers were conducted with the same secrecy. Safes were placed in the cars and bunks built over them, and at St. Louis a file of soldiers were taken on board. All these trips were full of risk and romance, and if it wasn't that nothing of the kind is done any more I wouldn't dare tell you about it.

"In the main the Adams' Express company is used as a means of transportation for money by the treasury, and has been for many years. In the earlier days, before the Atlantic and Pacific were connected by railroad, gold from California used to be conveyed by steamer on a very perilous voyage around the cape. One vessel, with a treasure of a million dollars on board, went down and has never been found. On account of the danger of vessels being lost, money has never been sent by water when there was any other way of conveying it.

"Attempts have been made to rob express trains loaded with money, but they have seldom been to any degree successful and the government has never been the loser. A band of masked robbers attacked a treasure train in Indiana, cut it loose from the engine and ran it down into the woods, where they proceeded to rob it. The move was quite successful for the moment, but the gang was finally captured, some of them being caught in Canada. One of the most ingenious robberies was that of a train carrying money from here to Boston. There was a collusion between the baggagemaster of the train and the thieves, so that when they reached a certain convenient station a big safe containing a large amount of money was thrown from the car, and a wooden imitation of it, made for the purpose, put in its place. On the rest of the journey the bogus safe standing among the rest was not distinguished from the genuine article, and the robbery was not discovered until the train reached Boston. The robbers, however, were caught and the money all recovered. The greatest risk is taken by the Wells, Fargo company, who run the stage lines through the wild West, where the cars do not run. They have had many thrilling experiences with road agents, and in the earlier times have been frequently robbed. It is very seldom that coin has been sent through the mails, and never, until Treasurer Jordan attempted it, were any large quantities sent, and the load of silver dollars on the Swatara is said to be the largest that was ever trusted upon a ship."

Men Who Wear Bracelets.

I know a young man who is considerably admired by his lady friends, who wears a bangle bracelet under his shirt cuff all the time, avers a Boston correspondent of the Minneapolis *Tribune*. He keeps it pushed back most of the time, but is not at all ashamed at having it observed and slily admired by his friends. So far as I know there is no sentiment connected with the bangle. I don't think any girl "wished it on," but the young man wears it because he likes it as an ornament, because his mind is like a woman's in those soft fancies for personal adornment, and perhaps because he thinks there's a charm in it. There certainly is not a charm against the ridicule of coarse, every-day men, and so I regret the young fellow's weakness, for he is very exemplary in many other ways—goes to church regularly, is good to his family, etc. He is a bachelor, of course. Girls take a great liking to such young men as that, and show great fondness for their society, but when it comes to marrying they invariably turn their backs on the "Miss Nancy," and take up some fellow with a full measure of bone, muscle, blood and roughness.

No devotee of tobacco, says Dio Lewis, has graduated at the head of his class at Harvard or any other college where statistics have been preserved, notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of college students are smokers.

An Ancient Receipt for Making Thunder.

In the middle ages, anybody at all distinguished by knowledge of science was credited by the art of flying, and indeed in many cases did not scruple to claim it. Albertus Magnas was one of these, but refused to give particulars to the world at large. He tells us, however, how to make thunder. Says he: "Take one pound of sulphur, two pounds of willow carbon, and six pounds of rock-salt, ground very fine in a marble mortar; place where you please in a covering made of flying-papyrus to produce thunder. The covering, in order to ascend and float away, should be long, graceful, and well filled with this powder; but to produce thunder the covering should be short and thick, and half full.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Cause for Rejoicing.

CINCINNATI.—The *Times-Star* says: "A remarkable discovery, made last winter, is attracting wide-spread interest. As it involves a most important question—that of public health, it is being discussed by eminent physicians and public men. It is shown conclusively that throat and lung troubles can be cured without resorting to the use of morphia or opium—especially dangerous in the case of children as arresting development, and poisoning the system. The Governor of Maryland and all the officials of that State indorse the remedy; the State chemist of Delaware pronounces it the purest and most effective, and hospitals and charitable institutions in Philadelphia and other cities use it with remarkable results. The remedy, which is only twenty-five cents a bottle, is Red Star Cough Cure. It is purely vegetable; it contains no poison or narcotics, and is a positive cure."

Sixty thousand books and pamphlets have been published by Congress since 1776.

AWFUL INCENDIARISM.—To set on fire the dwelling of an immortal soul with Alcohol is a great crime. Whoever administers Rum Bitters to the sick is guilty of it. The only medicine in existence which extinguishes disease, by removing all morbid matter from the system, is DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, a tonic, yet free from Alcohol.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.

"He who is false to present duty," says Henry Ward Beecher, "breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause." A case in point occurs to us. Mr. Wm. Ryder, of 87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y., recently told a reporter that, "I had a large abscess on each leg, that kept continually discharging for twenty years. Nothing did me any good except Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It cured me." Here is a volume expressed in a few words. Mr. Ryder's experience is entitled to our readers' careful consideration.—*The Sun.*

HARTFORD has a thirteen-year-old girl who tips the beam at 295 pounds.

Pile Tumors,
neglected or badly treated, often degenerate into cancer. The worst pile tumors are painlessly, speedily and permanently cured without knife, caustic or salve, by our new and improved methods. Pamphlet and references 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"WHAT has become of the Americans?" is the cry in Paris.

No lengthy advertisement is necessary to bolster up Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

SIBERIAN cats are the prevailing fashion in felines.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from feverof other sickness it has no equal.

SKIN DISEASES.—"BEESON'S AROMATIC ALUM SULPHUR SOAP," cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Sores, Pimples, all itching Skin Eruptions. 25 cents by Druggists, or by mail. Wm. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

MEN look slovenly with run-over heels. Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep boots straight, 25c.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

Important.
When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage, expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

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Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT.
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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
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Scrofula of Lungs.

I am now 49 years old, and have suffered for the last fifteen years with a lung trouble. I have spent thousands of dollars to arrest the march of this disease; but temporary relief was all that I obtained. I was unfit for any manual labor for several years. A friend strongly recommended the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), claiming that he himself had been greatly benefitted by its use in some lung troubles. I resolved to try it. The results are remarkable. My cough has left me, my strength has returned, and I weigh sixty pounds more than I ever did in my life. It has been three years since I stopped the use of the medicine, but I have had no return of the disease, and there are no pains or weakness felt in my lungs. I do the hardest kind of work. T. J. HOLT.
Montgomery, Ala., June 25, 1885.

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The Increase of Insanity.

Boston supports 800 insane, says Mr. T. B. Sanborn, not 75 of whom will recover!

This is frightful! Insanity has increased 40 per cent. in a decade and most of the cases are incurable. Whatever the individual cause may be, the fact remains that Uric Acid blood sets the brain on fire, destroys its tissues, and then comes some form of fatal lunacy.

Nothing is so pitiable as a mind diseased. Most brain troubles begin in the stomach; then if the blood is filled with uric acid, caused by failure of kidney action, and the consequent destruction of the blood life—albumen—you have the fuel and the flame and a brain in full blaze as when one raves, or in slow combustion, as in milder forms of insanity. Rev. E. D. Hopkins, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a few years ago was confined in an asylum. He took a terrible cold while aiding in putting out a fire in a neighbor's burning house, and for twenty-five years that cold was slowly filling his blood with uric acid and finally the deadly work was done. The case looked hopeless, but he happily used Warner's safe cure and recovered. That was three years ago, and having ridden his blood of all surplus uric acid, he has remained well until this day.

It is indeed a terrible thing to lose one's mind, but it is a more terrible thing to suffer such a condition when it can be so easily prevented.

SUGAR has been made from maples four teen years old from the seed.

Dyspepsia

Is caused by carelessness in diet, high living, eating too rapidly, too rich food, overtaxing the stomach with indigestible food, &c. Constipation, headache, heartburn, sour stomach, distress after eating, faintness, dizziness and capricious appetite are some of the many distressing symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach and promotes healthy digestion, thus curing the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia.

"I suffered with dyspepsia many years, and despaired of ever being well. The medicines I used did me no good. Hood's Sarsaparilla being recommended I tried it, and consider my